



GARLAND
OF
SONG

—
MARY E. GRIFFIN



Class PR 3513

Book B67 G3

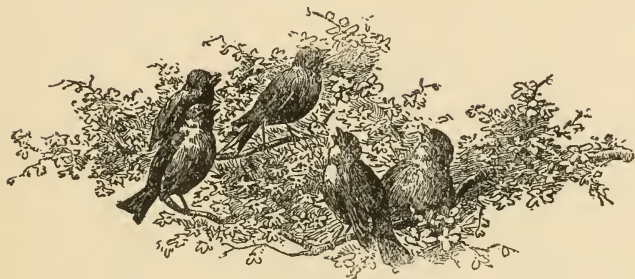
Copyright N^o 1305

COPYRIGHT DEPOSIT.



Music

GARLAND OF SONG

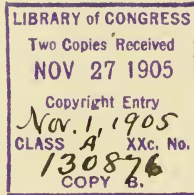


BY
MARY E. GRIFFIN

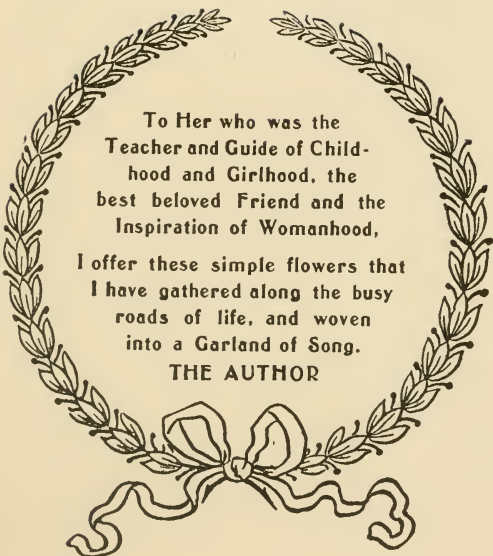
11

CHICAGO
THE BLAKELY PRINTING COMPANY
1905

PS 3513
R67G3
1905



Copyright, 1905, by
MARY E. GRIFFIN



To Her who was the
Teacher and Guide of Child-
hood and Girlhood, the
best beloved Friend and the
Inspiration of Womanhood,

I offer these simple flowers that
I have gathered along the busy
roads of life, and woven
into a Garland of Song.

THE AUTHOR

ONE YEAR AGO.

The wreath of song I bring, Beloved,
Is twined with lowly flowers,
But all were gathered, fresh and sweet,
In Love's immortal bowers.
And nestling close to every bud
Are benisons from me,
As pure as sheen of morning dew
On blossom-sprinkled lea.

O, chain of love that ever clasped
My brother's heart to mine,
Through days of calm and days of storm,
Through shade and fair sunshine,
A year ago, this sunny May,
Another link you found,
Strong and enduring as the first,
And *three*, not *two*, it bound.

My sister! 'Tis a holy name
I gave thee on that day,
Replete with music as the birds
That carol through the May.
For his dear sake I loved thee then,
But now 'tis for thy own,
The portals to Love's inner room
Are widely open thrown.

Spring's promises are all fulfilled
When May bids earth rejoice,
And Nature chimes in sweet accord
With her entrancing voice.
The buds that ope, the birds that sing,
Breathe out, "The Summer day"
With its rich hoard of precious stores
Will follow beauteous May.

O well Beloved! Life's days to you
Forever be the May!
With hope and peace and trusting love
The flowers along the way!
And let those blossoms speak of lands
Beyond the changing skies,
Where hope is lost in endless peace
And love in Paradise!

Full well I know, my precious ones,
Those lines but ill reveal
The sister's heart, so fondly true
To you in woe or weal.
But to thy care, O Virgin Queen,
My dear ones I commend!
Guide, bless, and love them evermore!
From every ill defend!

SNOWFLAKES.

The snow came down in the loveliest forms,
On the baby's coat of red;
He smiled as he grasped, but his sobs broke forth—
As his beautiful "stars" lay dead.

We grasp at the joys that are flying by,
While we revel within their light,
But the tears flow fast when they disappear
In the gloom of a starless night.

But once they were ours, and I do not think
'Tis truth that the poet sings:
That a "sorrow's crown of sorrow is
Remembering happier things."

I know that a grateful strain pervades
The song of my life to-day,
For the joys and the love that sent their rays
From the skies of my varied way.

THE SCULPTOR.

Hast thou ever gazed on the sculptor
As he worked at the huge rough block?
Hast thou seen how he struck and chiseled
Hard, deep, through the marble rock?

Now here and now there he touches
With a skill that is sharp and true,

Till at last in its marvelous beauty
 'Tis standing most fair to view.

Like the block, O Heavenly Sculptor,
 We lie 'neath Thine eyes of love!
Wilt Thou form us into the statues
 That will stand in the niches above?

Ah! not like the silent marble
 Will we lie 'neath the touch of pain,
But will shrink and quiver in anguish
 While the blows fall down like rain!

Though well we know, O Master!
 That 'tis only by suffering's hand
That we're cut and carved and chiseled,
 Made perfect for Beulah Land!

O help us to pray, dear Savior,
 With thy great, grand Saint of yore:—
"Here cut, here burn, O Jesus!
 But spare us when life is o'er!"

SACRED HEART.

When the conflict rages fast
 'Twixt the powers of grace and sin,
And despite our efforts strong,
 Evil forces seem to win,
 Sacred Heart, O help us!

When the air is redolent
With the fragrant joys of life,
And we drift far off from thee,
Farther e'en than in the strife,
Sacred Heart, O help us!

When the shades of sorrow fall,
And we grope with tear-dimmed sight,
Help us find Thee in the dark,
Help us love Thee though Thou smite,
Sacred Heart, O help us!

When all labor seems in vain,
Ceaseless prayer is still denied,
Help us love Thee even then,
Heart of Jesus crucified,
Sacred Heart, O help us!

Some day, battles, sorrows, joys,
Labor, all, will have an end,
Then when Death the curtain drops,
Be our stay, our tender friend,
Sacred Heart, O help us!

WINONA.

(To Sister M. B.)

Quaffing again to deepest depths
The cup of joy untold!
Living once more the halcyon hours,
The precious days of old!

Meeting again in love's warm clasp
The hands of faithful friends!
Listening once more to old-time tales
While "Home's" sky o'er me bends!

O flowery paths and shady groves,
Each leaf seems whispering to my soul
Of peace, of tenderness and love,
As backward turns dear Mem'ry's scroll!
O never was there spot so fair,
O'er all the lovely lands of earth,
As thou to me, enchanted groves,
Where came the grace of "second birth!"

I stand within the hallowed walls
Where Faith's grand blessing came to me,
And O the rapture of it all
Is only known, my God, to Thee!
I walk along "God's acre" still,
To waft a prayer and drop the tear,
For friends asleep in Christ; to sense,
So far away! to Faith, so near!

The consecrated hands beloved,
That touch my own these summer days,
Are opening doors to where the sun
Of joy sends out the purest rays!
Ah, nevermore those gates will close,
Nor that bright sunlight fail to gleam,
For Memory's hands will fold them back,
And capture every golden beam!

I bless Thee, O my Spouse beloved!
For this pure joy vouchsafed to me!
It adds so many golden links
In Love's fair chain that binds to Thee!
And what, I ask, must be the depth,
The wondrous wealth of Heaven's bliss,
When "Home again!" with friends beloved,
Begets a rapture like to this!

ARCHBISHOP FEEHAN.

Now sweetly sleep! The way was long,
The road was oftentimes steep.
'Twas weary work to climb the hill,
Now sweetly, sweetly sleep!

To be God's faithful servant is
No easy task. To wear
His purple and His ring oft means
His heavy cross to share.

All secretly thy noble heart
Bled 'neath the shafts of pain;
The "Soldier of the King" must face
The battles' fiery rain.

To be the Father, Guide and Friend,
Means troubled days and years;
To be the Shepherd of the Flock
Brings bitter doubt and fears.

And thou for whom the requiems toll
Wast all of these. Now rest,
For when the Master came He found
Thee watching. Thou are blest!

O may the Shepherd sent to guard
The stricken, mourning fold,
Within the gates find Love and Peace,
With shining wings unrolled!

“For the *New* has charms which the *Old* has not,
And the *Stranger's* face makes the *Friend's* forgot.”

Along the shining beach one day
I found this tinted shell,
And placed it here 'mid treasures rare
That matched its beauty well.
Yet, lift it up. 'Twill sing for thee
A sad, a moaning strain:—
'Tis longing for the dear old sea,
With yearnings deep as vain.

A blossom blue that bent above
A sparkling sun-kissed brook,
I bore away and thought 'twould bloom
With roses in this nook.
The frail head drooped, the azure eyes
Were closed; the roses' gleam
Could not replace in violet's heart
The cool, clear woodland stream.

O, poet with the silvery tongue!
'Tis false, that note of thine!
It sends a harsh, discordant ring
All through the flowing line!
The stranger's orbs ne'er sparkled so
They dimmed a dear one's eyes,
And never stars shone half so bright
As those in homeland skies!

No voices wake a sweeter strain
Than tones that won us first!
Strange hands may hold a brimming cup,
We cannot slake our thirst
Altho' 'tis filled with friendship's wine,
For O, we long the while,
To drink the nectar flowing from
A dearer touch and smile!

For the *Old* has charms which the *New* has not,
And no *Stranger's* face makes the *Friend's* forgot.

IN THE SHADOW OF THE PINES.

'Twas thus you headed words of love
That flew to me to-day,
From far-off northern lake-girt lands,
Beside the wind-swept bay.

I prayed, while drinking from the joy
Through all the flowing lines—
"No heavier shadows may life bring,
Than 'shadows of the pines!'"

For if, like them, the shadows fall
When love and hope are near,
They'll only make the sunshine glow
With radiance far more clear.

So thus I prayed as streams of joy
Poured from those flowing lines—
"Life's shades to you no darker be,
Than 'shadows of the pines!'"

A PORTRAIT.

The dear old home holds spirits bright,
And forms and faces fair;
And eyes aglow with happy light,
And snowy brows are there.

But sweetest soul abides in her
Whose portrait now I paint;
A worded picture, where the lines
Are all too dim and faint,

To do her justice; eyes of blue,
And locks of nut-brown hair,
Soft cheeks where rose and lily bloom,
An earnest brow and fair.

A soul where purity is shrined,
A heart as true as steel,
Where you or I could safely trust
Our deepest woe or weal.

A mother's pride, a father's joy,
The one we love so well,
God bless our household angel bright,
Our winsome, blithesome Nell!

SUNSHINE.

Little Sunshine! Little Sunshine!
All too soon you stole away,
Slipped from out the hearts that loved you,
Went to greet Eternal Day.
Far upon the "Mount of Beauty,"
Where the "clean of hand" abide,
Little Sunshine! Only Jesus
Could have wooed you from our side!

Only He whose tender message
Through the shadowy aisles of time
Greet our ears like music mellow
Of an old cathedral chime—
"Suffer little children near Me!
Let them gather at My knee!
For of such is my pure Kingdom!
Suffer them to come to Me!"

Little Sunshine! thou art happy!
Arms divine encompass thee!
Joys celestial flood thy spirit,
From earth's fetters ever free!

But O Thou who took our darling,
Pity, strengthen, help, we pray,
For the heavy shades enfold us
Since our Sunshine went away!

Little Sunshine! Father's darling!
Mother's household angel sweet!
Let thy rays of heavenly beauty
Beam around our faltering feet!
May we walk in God's sweet favor
Till we meet thee, Sunshine blest,
In the little children's Kingdom—
Home of love and peace and rest!

GROWING OLD.

Thrice blessed peace, that hovers o'er
The life that's growing old,
With oars at rest and ebbing tide
Shining in sunset gold!
The fuel of youth's strong desires
Is burned to ashes white,
But all undimmed the lamp of love
Throws 'round its lambent light!

O peaceful days! I love you well,
Like vesper hymns you seem!
Low and subdued your tones breathe 'round
Till but of God I dream!

The mem'ries of the past return,
But restful days, I'd give
Thee not, e'en though 'twere mine again
Youth's buoyant hours to live!

For looking back I'm glad they're o'er,
The battles fierce and long
Each day saw waged with world and self,
Self with its passions strong!
Glad that I've learned the worth of earth,
Glad for the good I've done!
Glad for the sorrow that sanctified,
Glad for the love I've won!

Aye, glad for the love still glowing warm
For true, tried friends of yore,
Some with me still, some passed beyond
To Heaven's shining shore!
For love that never "groweth old,"
Though eye is dim, and form
Is bent, but lives in vigorous youth
In hours of peace and storm!

O vesper hours of twilight dreams,
So fraught with happy rest!
Homeward, dear God, I drift to Thee,
To anchor with the Blest!

FIFTY YEARS WEDDED.

The soft May winds are blowing,
While blossoms pink and white
Are dropping on earth's bosom,
In floods of rosy light.

The songsters' notes are ringing,
The world seems filled with life;
With all spring's rarest promise,
The very air is rife.

'Twas in life's radiant May-time
You plighted troth and love;
The way was fair before you,
The skies were clear above.

Our Mother Mary's blessing
Fell o'er your hearts that day,
And ever since you've held it
Along life's varied way!

Dear hearts, you've been together
Through many, many years!
You've known the lights and shadows,
The sunny smiles and tears!

And now the golden sunset
Enfolds you in its glow,
To find you leal and loyal
As you were long ago!

I pray that God's own blessings
May hover o'er your way,
And guide and keep your loved ones
All through life's checkered day.

And may He grant our wishes
For happiest future years,
Until the "Diamond Jubilee"
To your glad eyes appears!

ADIEU.

When Summer donned her fairest robes
And walked the earth a queen,
Whose every tone awoke the flowers,
And wooed the sunlight's sheen!
When skies were blue as sapphires clear,
The air with music rife,
In joy she stood 'neath homeland skies,
For there were Love and Life!

Ah! Death will never dare invade
When "Father" stands beside
To shield and save his "little girl,"
His one ewe lamb, his pride!
While "husband" pleads, while children pray,
While life is in its prime,
O, dark-winged angel hovering near,
Fly on! Not yet thy time!

Not yet! Not yet! Go take the old,
 The hearts tired out with strife!
 Not her who stands with beaming eyes
 On sunny meads of life!
 O let her stay! For earth is sweet,
 And Love is strong and true!
 Her arms are filled with treasures rich
 That ne'er were meant for you!

* * * * *

But he folded his pinions, that Angel so dark,
 And he clasped to his bosom his prize,
 Then away through the ether his burden he bore,
 Away through the summer-day skies!
 As he flew with his treasure he sang a sweet song,
 And its music still rings in the air!
 Let us gather its notes as he passes along,
 And weave them in melody fair!

* * * * *

"Come with me! I'll bear you on
 To the Heart of Mary's Son!
 Life is sweet, but death is bliss,
 Give to life your parting kiss!
 Close your eyes in slumber deep!
 Ope them where no shadows creep!
 Clasp your loved in fond embrace,
 Soon you'll meet them face to face,
 In the land where no good-bye
 Wakes the shadows in the sky!"

* * * * *

Adieu! Adieu! We'll whisper low
No saddening farewell!
For thou art quaffing deep of bliss
Of which no tongue can tell!
Adieu! We would not wake thee now
From slumber calm and deep,
Thou'rt safe with Him, O well-beloved!
In His strong arm, O sleep!

STRENGTH.

Upon a hill, not far away,
There stands a tree alone;
Around it many storms have raged
And many sunbeams shone.

But still it towers far above,
In strength and might serene,
Ne'er bending toward the trees that deck
The sward below with green.

How oft I've gazed and deemed it like
Some soul on Duty's hill:—
Strong in the strength that comes from God
To those who do His will.

Not caring for the storms of scorn,
Nor for approval's sun,
But satisfied if still he hears
The Master's sweet "Well done!"

Oh, if our weak and restless souls
Striving for sordid aims,
So happy when the world approves,
So downcast when it blames—

Could climb the heights and spend in toil
For God, our strength and skill,
Full soon would fall the soothing peace
That breathes o'er Duty's hill.

ON THE HILL.

Up on the hill where the breezes waft
All their treasures of sweets to me,
Scent from the clover in meadows wide,
Scent from the flower-besprinkled lea;
Under the trees where the robin sings
Clearest of notes this Summer day,
Here on the hill is peace profound,
Driving all thoughts of care away.

Sailing across an azure sea,
Billowy clouds as white as the snows
Bend o'er the grasses and golden grain,
Bowling to every breeze that blows.
Down in the meadows the soft-eyed kine
Patiently lie in the clover sweet,
Butterflies flit from flower to flower
Sipping their wine in this calm retreat.

Beautiful world! it seems to-day,
Sorrow and care ne'er lived in thee!
Here is naught but a restful calm,
Here on the hills 'neath the old oak tree.
Life, if a cloudless Summer day
Perfect as this you e'er could be,
Soon we'd forget the Home above,
Finding our all of bliss in thee!

THE RAIN.

The sun his warmest rays sends forth
From skies of cloudless blue,
And not a sound breaks o'er the calm
That reigns the whole air through.

The streamlet flowing o'er the stones
Forgets its music sweet;
The birds are still, the grasses brown,
The flowers droop 'neath the heat.

But now, list the whispering all through the trees!
'Tis a voice that we welcome, the voice of the breeze!
He sings of the coming of soft, cooling rain,
And the birds and the blossoms rejoice at his strain.

He marshals his forces, the clouds o'er the skies!
He calls out his orders as onward he flies!
Down, down at the voice of the chief fall the showers,
And welcome! sing songsters and brooklet and flowers!

How oft when we droop in the heat of the day,
Worn out by the trials we meet on life's way,
A message is wafted from lips that we prize,
And strengthened and cheered for the combat, we rise!

BLUE EYES.

O eyes, as blue as Summer skies!
I'll search your depths to-night,
And read the language written there
Beneath your azure light!

Across your surface ripple waves
Of mirth, but far below
Are rays that wake to life, when thought
And feeling warmly glow!

The glance of earnest thought bespeaks
The strong, the active mind!
The frank, clear gaze, the soul beneath
Where purity is shrined!

And look of fondest trust that glows
When friendship is the theme,
O who would not be glad to wake
Within those orbs love's gleam!

For then, within your sunny deep,
Are rays I know and love,
That say, "The heart I yield my own,
Is true as skies above!"

O life! if you the darkened side
Reveal to orbs of blue,
The tears that flow will only make
Them shine with softer hue!

For azure eyes, the rays therein
Thus write in words of light,—
“While love is mine, it matters not
If skies be dark or bright,
For love and trust will make my day,
Their loss,—my starless night!”

“IF.”

“If” sorrow with her folded wings
Ne’er brooded o’er life’s hours,
How many buds of love and peace,
Would ripen not to flowers!
For sweetest blossoms often seek
The lonely shaded ways,
And upward waft their odors rich,
When shine no sunny rays.

“If” we e’er walked the narrow path
In our own strength secure,
Vain-glory, love of fame or friends,
Ne’er tainting motives pure;
No helping hands of ours would stretch
To brothers weak as we,
While still we prayed with lowly hearts,
“May God our helper be!”

"If" we should lose the trusting love
That stronger grows each day,
How much of hope, of joy, of strength,
Would steal from life away!
O while the years with ruthless hands,
Bear much we prize from sight,
Father of all! leave in our hearts,
Love's angel form of light!

THE LIGHT OF HOME.

How densely dark the shadows fall,
As night creeps on apace!
And snow and sleet together whirl
In fierce tempestuous race!
But what brook I the tempest wild
As crowded streets I roam!
Each onward step brings nearer still
The radiant light of home.

Blow, bitter winds! Drop, if you will,
Your clinging robes of snow!
The burning, beaming fires at home
Will melt it in their glow!
Fall, shadows, fall! Your deepest gloom
Will vanish in the light
That streams in clear, undying rays
From 'round the hearthstone bright.

Home! and I greet the noble wife
Whose large, dark, trusting eyes
E'er mirror forth the loyal love
That in her heart-depths lies!
Home! Home! and "Papa! Papa!"
Rings in childish tones of glee!
I clasp her close, my brown-eyed girl,
My bonnie maiden wee!

Fierce storms outside! sweet peace within!
O light of home! I praise
The God whose loving care awoke
Thy joy-inspiring rays!

A WISH.

O would that in those eyes of thine,
My own might fondly gaze,
To see if still within them shine
The light of olden days!

To watch the earnest feeling rise,
And wake the fires that sleep,
Or see the laugh send dancing beams
Across the sparkling deep!

But it may be the world's cold touch
Has changed those eyes of brown,
And made the depths so deep and dark
My own could not pierce down.

Yet I can ne'er believe them so,
But dream they'll ever be
Lit with the old unchanging light
For me, at least, for me!

Dear Angels! guard those well-loved eyes
Until at last I gaze
Within their depths and wake again
The light of happier days!

WRINKLES.

They are seen on the brow of the youthful,
They come with the footsteps of age!
They are pencilled by suffering's fingers,
Or drawn by the thoughts of the sage!
They appear with the teardrops of sorrow,
Or come where the laughter-light glows,
But the wrinkles that tell me a story,
Are those that some mother's face shows.

With eyes that are reverent I watch them,
Those lines drawn by love or by care!
They whisper of nights that were sleepless
Of hopes that were blighted; of prayer.
They tell of the dear faces hidden
Away 'neath the mantle of death,
Or speak of the blossom she cherished
That was blasted by sin's icy breath!

O, lines that reveal a life's story!
I'm sure you will plead at the Throne,
That mercy for weakness or erring
Be unto the mother-hearts shown!

THE ANGELUS BELLS.

Borne on the air of the Spring-time morn
Floats the music of the bells,
And our spirits drift to the "Long Ago"
Whose tidings sweet it tells.
"Hail full of grace!" the chimings sing,
"Hail full of grace!" our souls repeat!
Ring softly, slowly, bells of love,
The Angel's greeting meet!

Ring soft and low as the balmy wind
That breathes among the trees,
For the One you greet was gentle as
The faintest Summer breeze.
Ring loud and strong as the fiercest gale
That blows in Winter wild,
For the victory won o'er the tyrant sin
By the Mother and her Child.

"Hail full of grace!" Beloved of God,
'Tis all our hearts can say!
"Hail full of grace!" the Lord is thine,
And thou art blessed for aye!

Hail Lily-Cup! o'erbrimming with
The sweetest of God's love!
Hail Rose of Light! Hail Violet pure
In the chosen bower above.

Cheer us when clouds hang dark above,
And guard us safe through sunny ways,
For dangers hide in flowery glens,
And Death may lurk in brightest rays;
Ring on, sweet bells! for she is blest
Forevermore to see God's face!
Chime on! chime on! in dulcet tones,
"Hail full of grace! Hail full of grace!"

THE QUESTION.

"Would you like to die while the streamlet of youth
Is gliding along its sunniest way,
And your boat floats on by the flowery shore
While the balmiest breezes o'er it play?
When the bark of Friendship is sailing beside,
O'erladen with treasures the heart-depths prize,
When Fame can be won and good can be done,
Would you wish Death's hand to darken the skies?"
We list to the promise the brooklet gives,
We look aloft on the azure sky,
We clasp our beloved to our trembling hearts,
"No! no! not in youth is the time to die!"

"Would you like to die," says a thrilling voice,
"To sail to my Home while the heart is pure?
To go while your loved ones are still your own
And await them there in your bliss secure?
Shall I send my sleep e'er you've tasted all
The embittering draughts of a false world's fame,
Will you come and learn the grand love of the heart
That broke for you on the Cross of shame?"
We look on the world with its loveless lives,
Its blighted hopes and severed ties;
We think on the land where joy e'er lives,
And the bliss of loving never dies.
We turn to our Lord with outstretched arms
"O let us not stay till Age draws nigh!
Take us home! Take us home! e'er the bloom is gone,
For youth, fresh youth is the time to die!"

TO MY MOTHER.

Out from the merry, laughing throng,
Where pleasure reigns supreme,
I steal away, my own beloved,
Of thee and home to dream.
Here 'neath the beaming, starlit skies,
Here in the calm of night,
My soul forgets the scene within,
To wing to thee its flight.

I miss thee, mother! By thy side
Once more I long to be,
To nestle near the heart that throbs
With constant love for me.

Ring, loudest song and merriest jest,
You fail to still my longing cry,
Though hearts beside yield me their love,
I miss thee, mother! still I sigh.

O love, the truest, kindest, best
My life shall ever know!
The charm of living would be lost,
If thou wert not below!
God keep thee, dear one! soon again
Within thy arms I'll rest!
And in my treasured home once more
With sweet content be blest!

THE CONVENT CHAPEL.

Sweet home of our Jesus! how peaceful you seem
On this happy, this beautiful day!
Here kneeling within thee, our spirits can dream
Of naught but the Home far away!
The lilies are swaying beneath thy dear eyes,
The roses are blushing, so near Thee they lie;
The lights are aglow like the stars in the skies,
Happy flowers! Happy rays! in His honor to die!

Our poor restless natures before Him are still,
The world and its dreams of ambition forgot!
There's a song in our souls like the song of the rill,
The music of peace that the earth knoweth not.

We dread to go out 'mid the rude, clashing sounds
Of a world every busy with things of a time,
We dread the temptations in which it abounds
May steal from our heart-strings this sweet angel-
chime!

Dear, dear little chapel! we lingered beside
To ponder the love of the One hidden there,
Till we longed in His pure, peaceful dwelling to hide
Till life with its dangers was over fore'er!
Ah, yes! 'twould be bliss to sit at His Feet
And drink in the beauty that beamed from His
Heart,
As He spoke to our souls in His accents sweet:
"Beloved, thou hast chosen the better part!"

But duty is calling, and Jesus we go,
For Thou wilt come with us as Savior and Guide;
The billows may threaten, the tempest may blow,
What matter, dear Pilot, if Thou art beside?
Come dangers and trials, our hearts know not fear!
In the wide, busy world, a sweet chapel we've
found,
'Tis the wound in the Side, 'tis the Love shining near,
Be it sadness or gladness that's reigning around!

REV. PATRICK J. MULCONRY, S. J.

O Death! full well we know to-day,
The shining mark is dear
To thee, when through our tears we gaze
Upon thy victim here!

On him, the strong, the brave, the true,
God's priest, His chosen one,
Laid low while still his eyes were turned
Towards life's clear, rising sun!

Laid low, while still his priestly hands
Were gathering fruits for God!
Ah, splendid type of strength! 'tis hard
To give thee to the sod!

O well beloved! Thou ever made
Thyself be "all to all,"
Like Paul of old, that souls might turn
Responsive to thy call!

That silvery tongue whose eloquence
Enchanted all who heard,
Bore, on the music of its notes,
God's grand enduring Word!

O St. Ignatius' loyal son!
For God thy strength was spent!
Thou hast returned, a hundred-fold,
The talents that He lent.

In many a soul that thou hast saved,
Thy name is shrined to-day;
They'll twine it round with love's fair flowers,
And bless thee while they pray!

We'll bear thee on to sweetest rest,
Ignatius' soldier brave!
For death, no victory is thine,
Nor sting in thee, O grave!

THE DYING SUMMER.

Summer, Summer, clothed in beauty!
Loath we are to see you fly!
Bearing far from sight the radiance
That you poured o'er earth and sky!

You so rich in perfumes precious,
Floating on the Zephyr's wing,
Sweet in grand entrancing music,
Making hill and forest ring!

Breathe around your tones melodious,
Let your balmy breezes blow,
Memory will retain the blessings,
That you scatter as you go!

Still again we hope to greet you
When the wintry days are o'er,
Smiling with a rarer beauty
Than you ever knew before!

As we trust to meet the dear ones
Who have glided from our sight,
In the Summer lands eternal
In love's paradise of light!

LOVE.

There's a beautiful light in this world below
That illumines its gloomiest days,
And the darker the night is the fairer its glow,
The brighter its life-giving rays.

If the shadows of sorrow obscure the soul's sky,
Let this beacon of love shine abroad,
And the clouds of adversity lighten and fly
Near this glorious gift of our God!

O fond, human love, so strong and so pure,
No darkness thy glory can fade,
And no power on the earth can thy beauty allure
From the heart where thy dwelling is made.

For Love is a blessing the Father has sent
To cheer us, to guide and to save,
To beam on our pathway till life's day is spent,
And but die in the night of the grave.

Yes, Death ends it all! O seek higher, dear soul,
For the love that will burn on fore'er,
And find it where years of Eternity roll
In that beautiful Home over there!

A FRAGMENT.

The leaves so russet, red and golden brown,
On every wind are sending "good-byes" down.

The grasses fading 'neath the Autumn sky
Are whispering as they wither fast, "good-bye!"

In music of the birds as south they fly
To sunny climes, is ringing forth, "good-bye!"

And I, to scenes most fair and dear hearts true,
Am breathing not "good-bye" but fond "adieu!"

LIZZIE.

"A Happy New Year!" Lizzie dear,
With all my heart I say!

"A Happy New Year!" though you lie
In Death's deep sleep to-day.

For what is life, with all its bliss,
Compared to endless rest?

The joys of earth are fleeting ones,
The peace of God is best!

Thy mother's love encompassed thee,
Her arms were round thee twined,
And where but in thy God couldst thou
A kinder refuge find?

And when upon thy cheek, dear friend,
Her farewell kiss was pressed,
God grant thou slept to waken in
The home of angels blest!

And so, dear Lizzie, sleeping now,
With all our hearts we say:
"A Happy New Year" with thy God!
A happy, endless day!
No night to dim its beauty rare,
No clouds to veil its skies,
No pain, no loss, no sighs, no tears—
Just bliss in Paradise!

APPLE BLOSSOMS.

A golden glory fills the earth
From June's most perfect day,
While grandma sits with folded hands
And dreams the hours away.
The sunlight's slender arrowy beams
Steal in through ivied shade
To fall athwart her wrinkled brow,
And face of little maid.

A winsome maid with locks of jet,
With dancing, laughing eyes
As darkly blue as mountain streams
That mirror forth the skies.

Her arms are full of gifts she bore
From orchards fair and wide,
And apple blossoms rich with sweets
She drops on every side.

The dear old eyes bedimmed by age
Ope on the scented mass;
Rest on the upturned love-lit face
Of merry little lass;
Pressing a fond, a yearning kiss
Upon the youthful brow,
Her tears flow fast—"O grandma, dear!
Why are you weeping now?"

"Ah, darling mine! Those rosy buds
Have opened memory's door,
While forms and faces dearly loved,
Troop out from days of yore.
I see again my childhood's home,
The cot near shaded ways,
Where filled with all that makes life sweet
Were passed youth's merry days!

"At last there came a day when June's
Rare odors filled the breeze;
I pledged my troth to him I loved
Beneath the apple trees.
And when a bride I bade good-bye
To scenes where youth was spent,
Across the hills the breezes bore
The apple blossoms' scent.

"'Tis far across the sea, that home
Where Shannon's waters lave,
And grandpa lies in southern soil
Within a soldier's grave!
Yet this old heart each memory holds
Within a sacred shrine,—
But I must cease, e'er flow your tears;
Come kiss me, darling mine!"

"I love you, darling grandma, mine!
Just take me in your lap,
And you and I and apple blooms
Will have a long, long nap."

They rest amid the blossoms pink,—
One's course is but begun,
The other drawing near the goal,—
Life's race is almost won!
The sunbeams dart o'er locks of jet
And those of snowy white;
On tears and smiles, on shade and sun,
On eve and morning light!

JANUARY.

Clad in robes of snowy white,
Decked with gems of gleaming light,
Blossoms 'neath my garments lie,
Hushed in sleep; their lullaby

Winds that ever moan and sigh,
Sweeping past the snow-filled sky.
Earthly artists rival not
Scenes I paint in every spot.
Voices ring in laughter loud
From the skaters' merry crowd.
Eyes of youth grow bright with glee
When my whirling flakes they see.
I'm the Frost King's champion bold,
January, clear and cold!

BY THE FIRESIDE.

The firelight's flickering shadows play
Around the dim-lit room;
Their slender fingers reach and clasp
Each corner hid in gloom.
And lo! they ope the door that hides
The past away from sight,
While forms and faces loved and lost
Come trooping out to-night!

I lie and gaze with half-closed eyes,
And list as in a dream
To tones that died in silence deep
While gliding o'er death's stream!
I hear again the merry laugh
Ring out from friends of yore,
And eyes aglow with love and truth
Look into mine once more!

The firelight dies. Its fingers touch
No more the dim-lit room!
The dear dream-faces fade away
And vanish into gloom!
A wave of longing for our dead
Is sweeping o'er the soul,
But outstretched hands grasp empty air,
And shadows 'round us roll!

OUR DEAREST ONE.

We travel o'er the busy roads of earth,
Where hand clasps hand, and speech meets speech;
But O, how varied are the lives we meet!
How different are the hearts, the minds, the souls!
Some only touch us as they pass along,
But never reach beyond the inner doors
That guard the sacred rooms of hidden self,
While some sweet, pure and holy lives steal in
With all the gentle influence of the dew
Upon the flowers, and soften and revive
And strengthen struggling selves.

'Twas thus that thou,
O well beloved! from couch of pain sent forth
The might of love and held each one of us
Beneath its sway! No harsh, unkindly word
Could live near thee, nor selfish envious thought
Would dare to clothe itself in garb of speech,
Or, if it did, those sad, sweet eyes of thine

Would make it shrink, abashed into the darkness!
Our cares, our doubts, our griefs, were near thee laid,
And when thy tender love breathed over them,
They seemed no more.

O pain-racked, fragile frame!
Thou wert the temple of a mighty soul,
Upon whose altars ever burned the fires
Of sacrifice, of patience, purity,
And strength! Oh, Death! thou art a powerful king,
But thou canst not destroy those rays of love,
For memory like a vestal virgin pure,
Alive, for aye, will keep them! O well-beloved!
Thou art not dead! Thy influence e'er will breathe
O'er words and thoughts and deeds, and we will be
Because of it the gentler, nobler, purer!

O white, strong soul, more fit for cloistered home
Than busy world, we beg thy prayers may stretch
Like a bright, golden chain, from thee to earth!
O let it twine around our mother's lonely life,
So she may read upon each shining link,
"God gave! God took! O may His will be done!
A little while, and I shall fold her close
Where mother-love is victor over Death!"

IN MEMORIAM.

Dear heart, I cannot think that thou
Hast bade us all "Good night!"
Hast drawn the curtains of thy couch
While still the day shone bright.

And yet I hear the "Requiem Bells"
Toll over thee, asleep!
A while ago the sun was high,
Now fall the shadows deep!

Like Roman old, I mourn the friend,
"Faithful and just to me;"
O loyal heart! Death stole a gem
Of rarest worth, in thee!

Dear friend, the path was oftentimes dark,
The stones beneath were sharp,
And minor, wailing, yearning chords
Rang out from life's great harp;

But through it all thy patient soul
Strode on with strength from God;
And now when life was sweet and fair,
They've laid thee 'neath the sod!

Thou sleepest, but Death cannot still
The influence of thy life,—
The spring where deepest draughts we'll quaff
In hours of pain or strife.

And o'er the "bairns" whose tender love
In life, in death, was thine,
The memory of thy noble soul
In lambent light will shine!

May "God be with thee," friend of mine,
Till breaks the morning light,
Where nevermore upon our ears
Will fall Death's sad "Good Night!"

THE ASSUMPTION, 1904.

No darksome tomb may veil from sight,
The mother of her risen God!
The temple where the Christ-child dwelt
Must never crumble 'neath the sod!

So angels in their reverent arms
Upbore thee to thy God and Son;
Enthroned thee at His sacred side,
Our Queen, while endless ages run!

When erring mortals fear to plead
For pity from the Heavenly King,
They kneel to thee, O tender one,
And like the little children cling

To thee, their Mother! Surely earth
Would be a long and bitter way,
If when the thorns and brambles tore,
We dared not whisper, "Mary, pray!"

O Mother Mary, Virgin pure,
The beacon true o'er every way!
We cling to thee in fondest trust,
In life, in death, O for us pray!

THE GOLDEN JUBILEE OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION DEC. 8, 1904.

'Tis a glorious, golden sunlight,
That is flooding earth's abode,
Bathing in its streams of beauty,
All that lies along its road,
Immaculate!

Mother Church reached forth to grasp it
With her powerful, loving hands,
And those sunbeams, flowing from her,
Stream to near and far off lands,
Immaculate!

All her children throng together
In the splendor of those rays,
While throughout the earth are ringing
Carols of their loving praise,
Immaculate!

Without sin conceived, O Mary
Pray for us, O Mother, pray!
Jubilate! hearts are singing!
Jubilate! while we say
Immaculate!

THE OLD YEAR.

The old year's going! The sobbing wind
Wails out its requiem moan;
An old man sits by the dying fire
In his mansion home alone!
Watching the embers' fitful glow,
The darkly falling shades,
Lower his head droops on his breast,
Faster the firelight fades!

"'Tis near! 'Tis near! the fair New Year!
But I welcome it not!" he cries,
"And gladly I'd lay down the burden now,
As the Old Year's echo dies!
For I'm weary of living with all its din,
Weary of sin and pain,
Weary of winning but Dead Sea fruits,
Of toiling for shadows vain!
Take me, Old Year, to your peaceful grave,
Where they've borne the friends of my life!
Take me to rest, for I'm weary now
Of my long, long day of strife!"

"Dying! Dying!" the breezes sob!
"Dead!" now floats on the wave!
The shadows grow darker, the firelight dim,
The Old Year rests in its grave!
The silence grows deeper; a peaceful light
Plays on the aged face!
The Old Year's dead, and he sleepeth, too,
The last of an honored race!

“Farewell to the Old! Hail, hail to the New!
The New of joy and mirth!
How can men bear to die, and leave
Their beautiful Mother Earth!
Fair shining world with its wealth and fame,
Its noble hearts and true!
Bright, glorious life whose rainbow tints
Just burst upon my view!
Your battles I fear not, for I will be
The victor on every field!
Long may I live to taste the sweets
Your stores of bounty yield!”
Thus speaks the youth of the sunny brow
As he greets the New Year entering now!

Sing on, dear boy, 'tis ever thus:
Age glad to go; Youth glad to stay!
May the world so trusted, ne'er deceive
Nor stones of failure mark the way!
Like you, we'll bid the Old—“Godspeed!”
It bears with it a varied load,
While with deep trust in God, we'll turn
To greet the New Year on the road.

ONLY.

'Twas “only” a baby that Death bore afar,
'Twas “only” a baby they say,
But “Mother” bends o'er it with heart that will ache
Full many a sorrowful day!

'Tis "only" a beggar with wistful eyes,
There standing and pleading for bread,
And yet 'tis the image of Him who had once
No rest for His tired, sacred Head!

'Twas "only" a smile that a treasured one gave,
When weary and faint grew the soul,
But it broke on the darkness like sunlight through
clouds
And strengthened we sped to the goal!

'Twas "only" a word from the lips that we love,
Falling soft as the dew on the flowers,
But 'twill shine evermore with its own chastened light,
And illumine Earth's gloomiest hours!

O, 'tis "onlies" that make up the music of life,
Some loud, and some soft, and some sad,
And some that float upward in strains so divine,
The Angels, God's Angels, are glad!

REV. JOSEPH M. FEELY, C. M., D. D.

O richly dowered, noble, childlike soul,
A garden fair wert thou in sight of Him
Who made thee beautiful! Who filled thee with
The flowers of innocence, of God-like humbleness,
So like the blossoms pure that bloom within
The hearts of little ones! O radiant mind,
Aglow with intellect's all-shining gems,

That ne'er were vaunted! Hidden till the Master
Told thee bring them forth, that their white light
Might stream upon the way, and lead to Him
The souls of others! O son of blest Saint Vincent!
The angels looked and smiled! The spotless Lamb
Craved thee within His train, and lo, the call
That won thee from our midst!

O priestly brother,
Weeping now above thy well beloved!
O grieving mother-love 'neath Southern skies!
The music of my verse may soothe! It sings
Of him, the pure, the bright, the saintly one!
With God, for God, your treasure lived! In God
He died! That love, divine and measureless,
Holds him for ever! O the little step
From you to him, if you but think, how short
Is time! How long the happy, glad eternity!

SOULS IN EXILE.

Far away in lonely exile
From the Savior that we love,
Waft we up our cry for mercy
To the pitying Heart above—
Miserere Domine!

Waiting for the Queen of Heaven,
Bearing pardon from on high,
Till she leads us 'mid the ransomed,
Where no more we'll sadly sigh—
Miserere Domine!

Friends whose heartstrings twined around us,
While on earth we walked beside,
Prayer from you will break our fetters,
Let it float on love's strong tide—
Miserere Domine!

When the prison gates are opened,
And we bask in Heaven's rays,
Then will rise for thee our pleadings,
Mingled with our song of praise—
Gloria, tibi, Domine!

CHRISTMAS BELLS.

Over the snow of the Northland sky,
Over the South, where the song birds fly,
Over the sad and over the glad,
Over the good and over the bad,
The Christmas bells are ringing!

Ringin' aloud the same old song,
From Bethlehem's manger swelling along,
"Glory to God this Christmas morn!
Christ the King of Kings is born!"
Thus Christmas bells are ringin'!

Born for the soul that's lily-white,
Born for the heart as black as night,
Born for the haughty and the meek,
Born for the mighty and the weak!
So Christmas bells are ringin'!

O Babe Divine, of beauty rare,
Beside the Virgin Mother fair,
With Joseph, spouse of Mary's heart,
Give us this day the better part,
 While Christmas bells are ringing.

The perfect Love "that casts out fear,"
The Hope that ever shineth clear,
The Faith that moves Doubt's mountains high,
These are the gifts for which we sigh,
 While Christmas bells are ringing.

Over the snows from Northland sky,
Over the South where song birds fly,
Over the lowly and high of earth,
Is sung the hymn of the Savior's birth,
 While Christmas bells are ringing.

A SMILE.

A smile is a trifling thing, I know,
 Yet one we love to see,
For cheery sunbeams 'round it gleam,
 And shadows from it flee.

What though beneath the surface lies
 A weight of wearying care,
Smile on the world, despite it all;
 Few wish your load to share.

Come out and learn in Nature's school
A lesson that she'll teach;
Her voice will ring from distant skies
Yet not beyond your reach.

Though many dark storm-bearing clouds
Have rolled athwart her face,
See how the smiling stars and moon
Veil from you every trace.

And watch her during heaviest showers
Still beam on you the while,
Until at last through all her tears
You see the rainbow smile.

Then meet the world with smiles, dear friend,
But in your woe and care,
To Him who pities, cheers and guides,
Fly, on the wings of prayer!

NEW YEAR'S WISHES.

May every heart that now is sad,
Within the coming year be glad!
May every soul that's steeped in sin,
Let Angels of Repentance in!
May heart's desires be granted thee,
If to thy God they pleasing be!
May Love and Trust along thy way
The evergreens of beauty lay!

May this New Year the happiest be
Of all that have been granted thee!
And may the future hold in store
Of happy ones full many more!

IN THE WOODS.

Come into the woods and the fragrance inhale
Of blossoms, and list to the birds;
And gaze on the sky, smiling blue overhead,
They're all singing "songs without words."

Aye, "songs without words," and yet sweeter by far
Than any that human lips sing,
While they're teaching our hearts in the clearest of
ways
As upward their melodies wing.

The flowers, as they bloom on their green grassy
couch,
Are whispering: "Be pure in thy life,
Exhale the rich perfume of kind, gentle deeds,
Be truthful and strong in the strife."

The nests built so high by the songsters last year
Have been whirled by the tempests to earth,
But new homes are theirs and no minor strains
Can be heard in their warblings of mirth.

The storm clouds have sailed o'er that firmament blue,
Yet see, it now smileth serene:—
Resignation and faith, O clear skies and dear birds!
Are the virtues you teach us, I ween.

Then come to the woods where the air is all balm,
And list to the songs without words;
They are swelling on high from the trees and the sky,
From the flowers and the swift flying birds.

“HE WENT ABOUT DOING GOOD.”

(Dedicated to “The Professor.”*)

Healing the sick, the suffering ones,
The “Great Physician” went!
Day in, day out, no rest for Him,
His loving skill was lent!
In “doing good” He went about,
O grandly active life!
What more could e'en the man God do,
Where pain and sin were rife?

And with a skill God-given, grand,
A “manly man” I see,
Before the magic of whose touch
Disease and suffering flee!
In “doing good” he goes about,
Restoring health's rich glow,
While “many rise and call him blessed,”
The poor, the high, the low!

*Dr. Nicholas Senn.

A "Great Physician!" Title grand,
The grandest earth bestows!
It meaneth fame and grateful love,
As "doing good" he goes!
God hold undimmed the noble mind
That seems of Him a part,
Unweakened keep the skill sublime,
And bless the strong, true heart!

EX-CONGRESSMAN WILLIAM F. MAHONEY.

When the trees that are bent with the storms of the
years
Fall prone in the forest, we sigh;
When the saplings all rich with the buddings of
youth
Are struck by the bolt and low lie,

We grieve for the promise of youth unfulfilled,
For the beauty, departed from earth,
For the leaves that but partly unfolded to view,
For the buds that were killed in their birth.

We gaze on thee, friend, like a tree in its prime,
Cut down in the fullness of noon,
On the big, manly form in the stillness of death,
And we whisper, "It seemeth too soon!"

Too soon, for thy life knew deep love from the wife,
So sweet and so tender and true;

From the children beloved and the sisters so dear,
From friends that each pathway e'er knew.

Too soon, for Hope's rainbow encircled life's sky,
And the way seemed so straight and so bright;
But lo! came the turn in the beautiful road,
And their dear one had vanished from sight!

But O, if the Lord would reveal to the gaze
What lies past the valley between,
The music, the glory, that ear hath not heard,
Nor eye of the human hath seen!

The tears would be dried, and the grieving be stilled,
The Cross would be patiently borne;
You'd give to his mother the boy of her heart,
And wait till the dawn of God's morn.

THE ASSUMPTION OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN.

Moon of beauty, silvery gem,
Set within the crown of night,
How the splendor of the stars
Pales beside thy limpid light!

Mother Mary, radiant moon,
Shining near the Sacred Heart,
How the splendor of the saints
Pales near rays that from thee dart!

Hail, thou spotless, snow-white soul,
Even free from Adam's taint!
Of thy beauty marvelous,
None can sing and none can paint!

Darksome tomb dare never hide
That pure body, God's own shrine!
Angels bore it to the throne,
Waiting near thy Son divine!

LIFE'S SUNSET.

Only waited "till the shadows
Were a little longer grown,"
Till the golden gleams of sunset
All along her way were thrown;
Till the harvest rich was ready,
And the ripened grain was bound,
Then the eyes were closed in slumber,
In the peace of God profound.

Dear old Saint! I loved to greet thee
In the vanished Summer days,
Sitting in the shaded window,
Looking out o'er "Village" ways!
Loved to see the smile of welcome
Lighting up the kindly face,
While I felt the soul beneath it
Was the temple of God's grace.

Often through those quiet fingers
Slipped the Virgin Mary's "Beads,"
While the "Ave!" softly whispered,
Told thy Mother all thy needs!
Surely her dear arms twined 'round thee
When Death's shadows o'er thee fell!
Surely it was she that bore thee
To the God thou served so well!

One by one the dear old faces
Vanish o'er the sunset hills;
Theirs the rapture of God's presence,
Ours the hearts that sorrow fills!
But we see Hope's star celestial,
Shining in life's darkened sky,
Whispering of the Land where never
Falls the shadow of good-bye!

FEBRUARY.

I walk the earth with softer tread
Than January bold!
I leave untouched the snowy veil
O'er hill and valley rolled!
I waken not the tender flowers,
Nor buds asleep on trees,
Though loud and lusty songs I sing
In every passing breeze!

SERMON IN SONG.

The earth is bathed in moonlight's waves,
O'er which the summer sails,
And, with a voice to music tuned,
Breathes forth her varied tales.
It seems as if the silver streams
That flood the perfect night,
Could never float a grief or care
Adown their waves of light.

Yet well we know the wondrous moon,
The stars in far-off skies,
The summer fair—all gaze upon
Sad hearts and tear-filled eyes.
And still from out their depths of calm
I hear, it seems to me,
"Cast all thy care upon the Lord,
For He hath care of thee!"

The Hand that guides the glowing orb
Through soundless depths of blue,
That holds it through the ages vast,
Within its courses true,
Will never give a cross so hard
Thou'lt not have strength to bear.
"Cast all thy care upon the Lord,
For He of thee hath care."

O perfect night! O gem so clear!
Within the summer's crown!
Along each ray from yonder moon
A stream of peace floats down.

The wailing cry of sorrow dies,
The doubts and worries flee;
The message falls: Cast cares on God,
For He hath care of thee!

GLORIA IN EXCELSIS!

Lovely Queen, we kneel beside thee
At the crib of Infant King!
From our hearts we fondly greet thee,
While the Christmas angels sing,
Gloria in Excelsis Deo!

Virgin purest, Virgin fairest,
Fit to be our Jesus' own!
Bethlehem's stable with thee in it,
Grander grows than earthly throne.
Gloria in Excelsis Deo!

Virgin purest, Virgin fairest,
Whom the centuries love and praise.
Waft to us a mother's blessing,
As we echo Angels' lays,
Gloria in Excelsis Deo!

Bethlehem's King will not refuse thee
Aught thou claimest from His Love;
Grant, O grant, while Christmas carols
Fly on music's wings above.
In terra, pax!

MERRY CHRISTMAS!

Merry Christmas! Merry Christmas!
Hear it echo o'er the earth,
While the Yuletide bells are telling
Of the Infant Savior's birth!

Merry Christmas! Merry Christmas!
Young and old take up the cry!
May its music drown the suffering
Of each sorrow's wailing sigh!

May all sinning die forever
While its rhythmic wavelets float;
Hatred, anger and dissension
Perish in each swelling note!

Merry Christmas! Merry Christmas!
Hear it echo, near and far!
While the hearts of men grow purer
'Neath the rays of Bethlehem's Star!

ST. VINCENT'S MARTYRED CHILDREN.

In the distant soil of China,
Far away from home they love,
Gathering in a wond'rous harvest
For their glorious King above!
Sowing seeds that bud and blossom
In each poor neglected soul,
Till the fields, in matchless beauty,
All around them verdant roll!

Chorus—

Dear St. Vincent's martyred children!
Blessed John Perboyre and Francis Clet!
Listen to our hymn of pleading
Floating o'er the air to-day!

Still the years went rolling, rolling,
Down the sloping hill of time,
Till the sheaves were bound and gathered
In that far-off Asia clime!
Then the shades of night were falling,
Jesus bade His toilers rest,
But the homeward pathway led them
'Neath the cross that Christ caressed!

Chorus—

Dear St. Vincent, did you greet them
When the gates were opened wide?
Did you lead your martyred children
To the loving Savior's side?
With them plead, O, dearest Father,
Near the Master's Great White Throne,
If we may not die for Jesus,
We may live for Him alone!

Chorus—

Dear St. Vincent's martyred children!
Blessed John Perboyre and Francis Clet!
Listen to our hymn of pleading
Floating o'er the air to-day!

TO M. S.

It was a long, long life, old friend,
And on the winding way
You met its sunshine and its storms,
Its noon, its night, its day.

No wondrous deeds are standing out
Along the road you trod,
But faithfulness to duty shines,
And trust in man and God.

Your children, weeping o'er their dead,
This heritage retain—
A life with record ever clear,
A name without a stain.

The day was long, yet night fell fast
Across its radiance clear,
But still the harvest was prepared
For Him, the Master dear!

And tender, consecrated hands
Were laid within thy own,
While streams of grace from Mother Church
Upon thy soul were thrown!

Tasks done, it seems by far the best
That life should steal away,
No pangs of parting then are ours,
Just night to glide from day!

To fall asleep and waken near
A God of mercy vast,
And list from out His Sacred Heart,
"My son, thou'rt home at last!"

"EGO TE ABSOLVO."

O love of our Savior that ne'er will decay!
O mercy of Jesus that lasteth for aye!
How grandly you burn in those words full of might,
How brightly you glow with an undying light
In "Ego te Absolvo!"

All stained with the foulness and blackness of sin
Come souls that are anxious new lives to begin,
Before the Priest, kneeling, their guilt is laid bare,
And hearts deeply sullied are made brightly fair
By "Ego te Absolvo!"

For the hand of the Priest is uplifted on high,
His soft-spoken whisper upfloats to the sky,
And if sorrow's clear waters will over it flow
Then sin, even sin is made whiter than snow
By "Ego te Absolvo!"

Dear Savior! We kneel full of love at thy Feet,
Thy sufferings procured us those graces so sweet,
Thy blood for our sins and our miseries shed,
Is flowing each day on the penitent's head
With "Ego te Absolvo!"

O, Jesus, dear Jesus! may earth and may heaven
Sing praises to Thee for the power thou hast given!
Forever, forever, with love may we glow
For Thee, that so much love for us doth e'er show
In "Ego te Absolvo!"

UNDER THE TREES.

The summer wind on trembling leaves
Is playing sweetest strains,
And waving branches shadows fling
Over the grass-edged lanes.

The long, warm hours I dream away,
As under the trees I lie,
And gaze on fleecy, feathery clouds,
So lazily floating by.

An hour like this, and memory comes
With every peaceful day,
That blossomed like the violets sweet,
Along life's busy way.

One day stands out from all the rest—
A summer day like this,
When, not alone, beneath the trees
I drank in all its bliss.

Two sparkling eyes of darkest blue,
Two eyes of honest gray,
Were shining with the thoughts that came
And went that summer day.

We talked of many, many things,
Or dreamed in silence there;
While I wove Fancy's fairest web
Around that happy pair.

And is my web destroyed? Ah, no!
Blue eyes since flew away
And nestled in a grand, strong soul,
Whose windows are of gray.

Now, lying here beneath the trees,
I dream my dreams and pray
That life, for those dear hearts, may be
One happy summer day!

AN ALLEGORY.

Come, sail along with me, dear friends,
Adown life's gentle tide,
And let us moor our boat to rest
Where meadows lie beside.

A harvest fair is blooming there,
The skies are blue and clear,
While from the woods that skirt the edge,
The birds' sweet strains we hear.

Only a few short years ago,
A barren plain it lay,
And none who gazed e'er dreamed
'Twould bud or blossom as to-day!

Only a few short years, but still
The days were full of toil,
The nights of care! 'Twas weary work,
The digging of the soil.

At first the harvest seemed so scant,
And heavy clouds of doubt,
At earnest prayer refused to let
The bow of promise out.

And still they toiled, those harvesters,
Their eyes and hearts on high;
Hands on the plough, hopes fixed on God,
For him to do or die!

And now the lovely meadow lies
In all its beauty here,
While songs of promise fill the air,
And charm the listening ear!

The meadow fair is our loved school,
Our priests, our sisters dear,
The toilers in the verdant field;
The harvest? It is here.

We'll give the world the grain that feeds
The honest Christian life,
That nerves the soul to fight its foes
And win in prayerful strife.

God bless the Presentation School!
We're proud to call it ours!

God keep the ones who give to it
The fullness of their powers.

God bless our people, stanch and true,
And O, the most of all,
We beg that on our Pastor loved
God's benedictions fall!

GOING BACK TO SCHOOL.

A gentle, winsome little maid,
In dainty garments fashioned fair,
Receives Love's kiss, and starts to school,
Its wondrous mysteries to share.

The way to her is filled with joy,
For "Sister" takes the little hand,
To lead her on by easy steps,
Along the big, strange Knowledge Land.

The days, the weeks, the months, the years,
Speed on with swiftly flying feet,
And now our little girl of old
Stands "where the brook and river meet!"

Again she wends her way to school,
The bluest sky still smiles above,
While stars of Hope so clearly shine,
And air is filled with songs of Love!

Dear girl, when those bright days are o'er,
And life has summoned thee to school,
I wonder will thou know as now
The tenderness of Love's fond rule.

We do not know, we may not pierce
The coming time with aisles so dim,
But Love has placed thee in His Heart,
And trusts thy future years to Him!
September, 1904.

EASTER.

The wood-flower peeps above the mold
And whispers to the snow,
" 'Tis Easter-tide! Our risen Lord
Has bade me wake and grow!"

The stream throws off its chains of ice
And sings its song of glee,
" 'Tis Easter-tide! Our risen Lord
Has bade me to be free!"

The breezes sing to tender buds
Within their cradles deep,
" 'Tis Easter-tide! Our risen Lord
Now bids thee wake from sleep!"

The birds that weave their nests, the blue
That peeps the clouds between;

The rain that sends refreshing drops
To newly wakened green;

All sing the same glad song of hope,
All join the prayerful chime—
“Our Lord has risen! Praise to Him!
It is the Easter time!”

While still the ringing chorus pours
From Nature’s throbbing throat,
From every human heart we pray
May float the answering note!

’Tis Easter-tide! Dear Risen Lord,
May Virtue’s seeds take root
And may the harvest yield to Thee
A hundred-fold of fruit!

THE HYMN.

Upon the incense-perfumed air
The music wavelets float;
A hymn to Mother Mary pours
From many a childish throat:

“On this day, O, beautiful Mother!
On this day we give thee our love!
Near thee, Madonna, fondly we gather,
Trusting thy gentle care to prove!”

The tears unbidden rise and fall,
For Memory's rushing tide
Has borne me to a chapel sweet,
From out this temple wide.

We sang it thus, long years ago,
Within that chapel dim,
'Mid flowers and lights and incense, too,
Arose that self-same hymn.

It rose from merry hearts that dreamed
Earth knew not pain nor guile,
And if a random tear e'er fell
'Twas hidden in a smile.

O, merry, trusting, pure young hearts
Within that chapel dim,
Did life's loud din have power to still
The memory of that hymn?

Or hush the voice of her who stood
Our guide along the ways?
"None knew thee, Sister, but to love,
None named thee but to praise!"

The grandest mind, the noblest heart,
The life all rounded out!
E'en from the grave she speaks to-day
In hours of grief and doubt.

Back from the Past we come! Bless God
And Mother Mary for that Past,
So sweet, so pure, so full of love!
Is't dead? Nay! not while life doth last!

And as we sang in days of yore
Our hearts sing now with deeper love:
"Near thee, Madonna, fondly we gather,
Trusting thy gentle care to prove!"

GOING HOME.

I've traveled long and far, dear Lord,
Upon life's varied way.
I've braved the storm, enjoyed the calm,
Known night and sunny day!
But now the windings of the road
Are lost in straighter lines—
I'm Going Home; the rest draws near
For which my spirit pines!

Of all the winding road I take
A retrospective view;
Along it lie my tears and toil,
Success and failure, too!
I see the bounding, buoyant hopes,
The joyous, laugh-filled hours—
But now, dear Lord, I'm Going Home,
I've culled life's thorns and flowers!

I've drunk the promise sweet of dawn,
I've stood 'neath noon's red sky,
I've felt the twilight's tender peace,
And now the night is nigh!

I do not dread its darkness deep,
It speaks of rest to me!
I'm Going Home, dear Lord, at last,
I'm Going Home to Thee!

I'm going home to Him who waits
For me beyond the shade,
So do not weep, though 'neath the grass
My lowly bed be made!
I long to sleep, then wake in bliss,
The thought is joy to me!
I'm Going Home, dear Lord, at last,
I'm Going Home to Thee!

MOTHER MARIANA OF THE SISTERS OF
CHARITY OF ST. VINCENT DE PAUL.

The curtains of thy noble life
With reverent hand I draw aside,
To show the world the virtues rare
That Vincent's Daughter fain would hide.

Gifted beyond the lot of most,
A bright young mind endowed with all
That wins the plaudits of the world,
Bows meekly down beneath Christ's thrall.

She hears the "call"—more sweet by far
Than any music earth can play;
It leads her 'mid Christ's lowly poor,
Along St. Vincent's fruitful way.

Life's silvery dawn, its golden noon,
Its chastened, softened sunset hours,
Are burdened for her dearest Lord
With choicest buds from Virtue's bowers.

The tender, helpless, lonely babe,
That's left to weather life's hard storms,
Finds shelter safe within her love,
That waits beside with open arms.

The fair young soul just reaching out
To view the vista of its dreams,
Is led by her up "Science Hills,"
But all the way glow Faith's strong beams.

When cruel War stalked forth to lay
His curse upon our treasured land,
The soldier's pain-racked mind and frame
Found soothing rest 'neath "Sister's" hand.

But O the last, the sweetest years,
When she, our "Mother," stood beside!
Years rich in grace and peace and love,
And work for "Jesus Crucified!"

Tears for our dead, our well-beloved,
Our noble, kindly, loving one!
Above her grave we weep, but pray
As she would wish, "Thy will be done!"

Good-night, dear "Mother!" not "Good-bye!"
You sailed away with Life's swift tide!
But O, dear heart! you're safely moored
Near Him you love, Christ Crucified!

Good-night! Good-night! When morning breaks,
Be thou the first to greet thy own!
To bid us welcome to the Feast
We trust awaits us 'round the Throne.

SUMMER DAYS.

Blow, Summer breeze! O how I love
To feel your soft caress
That charms away all care and thrills
The soul with happiness.
Rustle the leaves, the blossoms bend,
And make the grasses wave,
Let Summer load your wings with sweets,
Ere Autumn digs its grave.

O Summer days! so dear to me,
I'm loath to let you go,
To see your radiant beauty hide
Beneath the Winter's snow.
As all we love grows fairest when
Death's angel draweth nigh,
So you are sweetest near the time
You fade away and die.

O Summer days! I cannot count
Your precious gifts to me,
Nor could I measure half the joys
I've gathered up from thee!
I can but store your treasures rich
Deep down in memory's cell,
And there, when life brings shadowy hours,
I'll send my thoughts to dwell.

THE NEW YEAR.

The Old Year stands with hands outstretched,
To take our own in parting clasp,
And ere we lose his feeble touch,
We feel the New Year's vigorous grasp.

The Old Year moves along the road,
To Memory's halls with pictures filled,
Where old-time songs and old-time talks
Will chime and ring till life is stilled.

Beside us stands the bright New Year,
Erect and strong in lusty youth,
But 'round him folds a close-meshed veil,
That hides from all the Future's truth.

Yet he that's walked for any length
Along life's dark or sunny ways,
Yearns not to lift the veil that hides
The joy or gloom of coming days.

REV. PATRICK J. MULCONRY, S. J.

O Death! full well we know to-day,
The shining mark is dear
To thee, when through our tears we gaze
Upon thy victim here!

On him, the strong, the brave, the true,
God's priest, His chosen one,
Laid low while still his eyes were turned
Towards life's clear, rising sun!

Laid low, while still his priestly hands
Were gathering fruits for God!
Ah, splendid type of strength! 'tis hard
To give thee to the sod!

O well beloved! Thou ever made
Thyself be "all to all,"
Like Paul of old, that souls might turn
Responsive to thy call!

That silvery tongue whose eloquence
Enchanted all who heard,
Bore, on the music of its notes,
God's grand enduring Word!

O St. Ignatius' loyal son!
For God thy strength was spent!
Thou hast returned, a hundred-fold,
The talents that He lent.

In many a soul that thou hast saved,
Thy name is shrined to-day;
They'll twine it round with love's fair flowers,
And bless thee while they pray!

We'll bear thee on to sweetest rest,
Ignatius' soldier brave!
For death, no victory is thine,
Nor sting in thee, O grave!

THE DYING SUMMER.

Summer, Summer, clothed in beauty!
Loath we are to see you fly!
Bearing far from sight the radiance
That you poured o'er earth and sky!

You so rich in perfumes precious,
Floating on the Zephyr's wing,
Sweet in grand entrancing music,
Making hill and forest ring!

Breathe around your tones melodious,
Let your balmy breezes blow,
Memory will retain the blessings,
That you scatter as you go!

Still again we hope to greet you
When the wintry days are o'er,
Smiling with a rarer beauty
Than you ever knew before!

THE ROSES.

Beautiful rose, with your crimson heart,
 Bowing to me from your trellised wall,
Dropping your petals down here at my feet,
 Sending out perfume, as past me you fall!

Crimson your heart as the blood of my Lord,
 Flowing on Mother Church altars to-day!
Filling the world with its odors of grace,
 Washing the sins of the sinful away!

Stream never-ending, Fountain of love,
 Cooling the fires of our passion and pain,
Strength'ning the weak, and refreshing the strong,
 Pouring forth love as the skies pour the rain.

WELCOME HOME.

I've heard the sweetest, softest strains
 That music calls to birth!
I've gazed upon the fairest scenes
 That lie on God's fair earth!
And voices "tuned to melody"
 And beauty's face with starlit eyes
Have met me in my wanderings
 'Neath many foreign skies!

But now in two dear words I hear
 The sweetest strains of all,
As echoes glad of "Welcome Home!"
 Around me softly fall!

O, brighter than the brightest skies
My native ones now seem,
And fairer than the fairest lands
My own loved home I deem!

What orbs to me so beautiful
As eyes of those I prize?
What voices are so music-filled
'Neath any foreign skies?
Sweet "Welcome Home!" Within your depths
What bliss there lies for me,
That with the hearts I love the best,
Once more my own can be!

MONTH OF THE SACRED HEART.

O month of the roses! O beautiful June!
When over the earth all of nature's in tune!
When leaves in their rustlings talk back to the birds,
And streams in their rippings sing "songs without
words,"

When mountains all bathed in the softest of mists,
Look down on the valleys the sunbeams have kissed!

O beautiful month with the life-giving rays,
To the dear Sacred Heart do we offer your days;
To the Heart that was opened so long, long ago,
That the stream of its mercy forever might flow,
That the world might be cleansed in the deep crim-
son tide

That flows evermore from the wound in the side!

Hail Lily-Cup! o'erbrimming with
The sweetest of God's love!
Hail Rose of Light! Hail Violet pure
In the chosen bower above.

Cheer us when clouds hang dark above,
And guard us safe through sunny ways,
For dangers hide in flowery glens,
And Death may lurk in brightest rays;
Ring on, sweet bells! for she is blest
Forevermore to see God's face!
Chime on! chime on! in dulcet tones,
"Hail full of grace! Hail full of grace!"

THE QUESTION.

"Would you like to die while the streamlet of youth
Is gliding along its sunniest way,
And your boat floats on by the flowery shore
While the balmiest breezes o'er it play?
When the bark of Friendship is sailing beside,
O'erladen with treasures the heart-depths prize,
When Fame can be won and good can be done,
Would you wish Death's hand to darken the skies?"
We list to the promise the brooklet gives,
We look aloft on the azure sky,
We clasp our beloved to our trembling hearts,
"No! no! not in youth is the time to die!"

"Would you like to die," says a thrilling voice,
"To sail to my Home while the heart is pure?
To go while your loved ones are still your own
And await them there in your bliss secure?
Shall I send my sleep e'er you've tasted all
The embittering draughts of a false world's fame,
Will you come and learn the grand love of the heart
That broke for you on the Cross of shame?"
We look on the world with its loveless lives,
Its blighted hopes and severed ties;
We think on the land where joy e'er lives,
And the bliss of loving never dies.
We turn to our Lord with outstretched arms
"O let us not stay till Age draws nigh!
Take us home! Take us home! e'er the bloom is gone,
For youth, fresh youth is the time to die!"

TO MY MOTHER.

Out from the merry, laughing throng,
Where pleasure reigns supreme,
I steal away, my own beloved,
Of thee and home to dream.
Here 'neath the beaming, starlit skies,
Here in the calm of night,
My soul forgets the scene within,
To wing to thee its flight.

I miss thee, mother! By thy side
Once more I long to be,
To nestle near the heart that throbs
With constant love for me.

MEMORY'S ANSWER.

Dead, do you say? Those days of old,
With their pleasant paths and their hearts of gold,
With the tears that dried as soon as they fell,
With the joys that held us 'neath pleasure's spell,
With the smiles that came at each merry word,
With the songs the sweetest ear ever heard.
Dead? The hearts and the days, beloved so well?
Ah, never, while memory throws its spell
All over the Past! Outring the chimes
From the merry days of the dear "Old Times,"
As true and as clear to the heart to-day,
As they rang in the lands of the Far Away!
When toil grows heavy, and hearts grow sore,
We hear the bells from the days of yore,
And they never can die, those days of old,
With their pleasant paths and their hearts of gold!

THE PRECIOUS BLOOD.

O, ruby-tinted stream that flowed
For us long years ago,
Within whose lucid depths there glowed
The love but God can show.

Upon the cruel cross 'twas shed
In love's grand mighty tide!
From hands, from feet, from thorn-crowned head
And from the lance-pierced side!

We greet thee, precious, precious blood,
Glowing with love's pure light!
With tears we view thee, wondrous flood,
Bedewing Calvary's height.

Each day upon our altars fair
With softened lights you glow,
All through the hearts there purified
You gently, clearly flow.

And each day, too, with eager love
You come to sin-stained hearts,
To bring them peace from Heaven above
And hope's sweet joys impart.

Come, come and with thy fervent heat
O, melt the ice-bound heart!
There nourish seeds of virtue blest,
Bid weeds of vice depart!

There keep the lily and the rose,
The violet so fair,
Until one bright bouquet it glows
To bloom near God fore'er!

TO ELIZA ALLEN STARR.

And now the vesper bells have rung,
The shades of night are here,
While o'er the deep, dark waves of Death
The boatman's voice rings clear:

The firelight dies. Its fingers touch
No more the dim-lit room!
The dear dream-faces fade away
And vanish into gloom!
A wave of longing for our dead
Is sweeping o'er the soul,
But outstretched hands grasp empty air,
And shadows 'round us roll!

OUR DEAREST ONE.

We travel o'er the busy roads of earth,
Where hand clasps hand, and speech meets speech;
But O, how varied are the lives we meet!
How different are the hearts, the minds, the souls!
Some only touch us as they pass along,
But never reach beyond the inner doors
That guard the sacred rooms of hidden self,
While some sweet, pure and holy lives steal in
With all the gentle influence of the dew
Upon the flowers, and soften and revive
And strengthen struggling selves.

'Twas thus that thou,
O well beloved! from couch of pain sent forth
The might of love and held each one of us
Beneath its sway! No harsh, unkindly word
Could live near thee, nor selfish envious thought
Would dare to clothe itself in garb of speech,
Or, if it did, those sad, sweet eyes of thine

Would make it shrink, abashed into the darkness!
Our cares, our doubts, our griefs, were near thee laid,
And when thy tender love breathed over them,
They seemed no more.

O pain-racked, fragile frame!
Thou wert the temple of a mighty soul,
Upon whose altars ever burned the fires
Of sacrifice, of patience, purity,
And strength! Oh, Death! thou art a powerful king,
But thou canst not destroy those rays of love,
For memory like a vestal virgin pure,
Alive, for aye, will keep them! O well-beloved!
Thou art not dead! Thy influence e'er will breathe
O'er words and thoughts and deeds, and we will be
Because of it the gentler, nobler, purer!

O white, strong soul, more fit for cloistered home
Than busy world, we beg thy prayers may stretch
Like a bright, golden chain, from thee to earth!
O let it twine around our mother's lonely life,
So she may read upon each shining link,
"God gave! God took! O may His will be done!
A little while, and I shall fold her close
Where mother-love is victor over Death!"

O may God bless the treasured hearts
That precious home once knew,
And keep them fresh and pure as then,
To childhood's teachings true!

Dear "Light of Home!" as darkness creeps,
We watch thy rays appear,
And hearts go forth to Him who rests
Behind thy radiance clear!
O may our lives for Him e'er glow
Amid the world's dark night,
And in His service, die away
Like thee, dear Chapel Light!

"GOD IS GOOD."

"God is good," the dancing sunbeams
Paint in tints of gold,
"God is good," within their petals
Nature's flowers enfold.

"God is good," the sparkling raindrops
Speak in music low,
"God is good," the limpid brooklets
Ripple as they flow.

"God is good," rings thro' the woodland,
Birds peal forth the song,
"God is good," the stars are beaming
'Mid their glorious throng.

"God is good," the rainbow smileth
From the glowing sky.

"God is good," the south winds softly
Through the forest sigh.

"God is good!" All nature's ringing
With the notes of praise!

"God is good!" O, man re-echo!
Grateful peans raise.

"God is good!" and man He loveth
With an endless love!

"God is good!" O, may we sing it
In His Home above!

REQUIESCANT!

O, dear old mother lying there
In arms of perfect Rest,
'Tis not for thee that tears fall fast,
While pity wrings the breast,
But for the lonely, aching hearts
That, mourning, weep to-day,
Because the precious Light of Home
Passed from their sight away.

They know it has but glided on
Along Death's calmest deep,
To live, within the Heart of Him,
Who gives His loved ones sleep.

And when upon thy cheek, dear friend,
Her farewell kiss was pressed,
God grant thou slept to waken in
The home of angels blest!

And so, dear Lizzie, sleeping now,
With all our hearts we say:
"A Happy New Year" with thy God!
A happy, endless day!
No night to dim its beauty rare,
No clouds to veil its skies,
No pain, no loss, no sighs, no tears—
Just bliss in Paradise!

APPLE BLOSSOMS.

A golden glory fills the earth
From June's most perfect day,
While grandma sits with folded hands
And dreams the hours away.
The sunlight's slender arrowy beams
Steal in through ivied shade
To fall athwart her wrinkled brow,
And face of little maid.

A winsome maid with locks of jet,
With dancing, laughing eyes
As darkly blue as mountain streams
That mirror forth the skies.

Her arms are full of gifts she bore
From orchards fair and wide,
And apple blossoms rich with sweets
She drops on every side.

The dear old eyes bedimmed by age
Ope on the scented mass;
Rest on the upturned love-lit face
Of merry little lass;
Pressing a fond, a yearning kiss
Upon the youthful brow,
Her tears flow fast—"O grandma, dear!
Why are you weeping now?"

"Ah, darling mine! Those rosy buds
Have opened memory's door,
While forms and faces dearly loved,
Troop out from days of yore.
I see again my childhood's home,
The cot near shaded ways,
Where filled with all that makes life sweet
Were passed youth's merry days!

"At last there came a day when June's
Rare odors filled the breeze;
I pledged my troth to him I loved
Beneath the apple trees.
And when a bride I bade good-bye
To scenes where youth was spent,
Across the hills the breezes bore
The apple blossoms' scent.

A REVERIE.

To every heart there comes a time
When God sends bitter, bitter woes,
And vainly through the vale of life,
We seek a spot where sunlight glows.

We sit and moan 'neath shadows dark,
O'er idols broken at our feet,
And cry "O, grief and woe intense,
No deeper pain our hearts can greet!"

And yet to see a loved one's woe,
Methinks is grief more deep,
To gaze all helplessly on pain
Love cannot lull to sleep.

And though the heart so prized and tried
Can hide the cloud 'neath sunny smile,
To know that o'er the brave, true life,
The darkened hours still reign the while.

And yet, ah, me! we cannot lift
One shadow from that life,
The Love that floods our souls must lie
All powerless in the strife.

All powerless? Yes, until we kneel
To Him who hears each sigh,
And weep before the Sacred Heart
That bled on Calvary high.

Then passing gently through our souls
Sweet Hope her web can weave,
And sing a hymn whose burden is,
"Ask, and you shall receive."

And though we know 'tis bitter woe
To watch a loved one's pain,
We feel that soon our prayers will wake
The sunshine after rain.

SUMMER'S GOING.

Summer's going! Summer's going!
Nature sings in saddened tone;
Soon will sobbing Autumn breezes
Wail o'er leaves their requiem moan!
Soon the flowers will droop and wither,
Pining for the sun's warm ray,
And the earth's sweet songsters speed them
To a softer clime away.
Then will icy winds of Winter
Fetter fast the forest stream,
And the snow in lily whiteness
All around us coldly gleam!

But then, when Spring's soft raindrops fall,
The snow will disappear;
We'll list again the brooklet's voice
And birds' sweet music hear.

The sun his brightest rays will beam,
And wake anew the flowers,
And earth with siren voice soon hail
The Summer's gladsome hours!

* * *

Souls are losing, souls are losing
Fairest beauties day by day;
Winds of sin come sweeping o'er them
Bearing Truth's green leaves away;
Flowers of virtue droop and wither,
Pine they all for love's warm ray;
Dim the lamp of Faith is burning;
Hope's sweet songsters speed away.
All that's good, and all that's noble,
Far off, slowly, surely roll;
Dark Despair, with icy fingers,
Tightly grasps the shrinking soul.

But then God's grace like Spring's soft rains
Soon melts the icebound heart,
And bids sweet Hope chime forth again
And dread Despair depart!
The flowers of virtue raise their heads
To greet the sun of love;
The lamp of Faith beams out again,
Lit by the Hand above.
The soul pours forth a gladsome strain;
'Tis echoed e'en on high.
Sing, happy soul, sing on for aye,
Thy Summertime is nigh!

MY ROSARY.

My chaplet fair of shimmering pearls!

My rosary, dear to me!

How many a hope and thought and care

I've whispered unto thee!

How many a time my fingers slipped

Along each shining stone,

While every "Ave" from my lips

Was sorrow's sobbing moan!

But with "Hail Mary" came a calm

That soothed the bitter pain,

And tears gave birth to flowers of peace,

As buds awake in rain!

How many a time those Aves rose,

Burdened with joy and praise,

Rose from a heart as full of bliss

As sunbeams are of rays!

And softly fell Hail Marys then

At our dear Mother's feet,

And while I knelt—her grateful child—

The sweetness grew more sweet!

When doubt's dense darkness gathered 'round

And hid the light from me,

How many a time, O rosary loved!

I told the tale to thee!

And then "Hail Mary full of Grace"
Lit up the darkened sky,
And Doubt stole off, a vanquished foe,
While Hope and Peace drew nigh!

Thou art a friend that never broke
The trust reposed in thee!
Thou art a fount that never failed
To yield deep draughts to me!

Thou knowest all my hopes and fears,
My sorrow, joy and care,
Yet thou art silent, save to me,
O Rosary! loved and fair!

THE BELLS.

How fair! how sweet this world of ours,
Now Summer reigns its queen!
What stores of joy for us abide
In woods, 'neath skies serene!
O deep the draughts of peace we quaff
While roaming quiet dells,
And listening, as the shadows fall,
To chimes from distant bells!

Long, long ago, o'er storm-tossed seas,
A "Peace, be still!" was heard;
The troubled waves grew strangely calm,
Obedient to His word.

Methinks, if o'er my soul there flowed
Of saddening thoughts a tide,
Could I but list the bells at eve
The tempest would subside.

Peace! peace! they ring from out their heights,
From out the home of prayer,
To hearts that bravely strive to breast
The mighty waves of care!
O hark the promise of the bells,
"Peace! After troubled days,
Peace! If you seek it from the God
We call on you to praise!"

FANCY'S CHIMINGS.

Fancy's chimings! How we love them
In the morning of life's day,
When they ring out Hope's rich promise,
Ring it all along the way!

Fancy's chimings! How we listen
In life's fervid hour of noon,
Building, while they ring their message,
Castles, crumbling all too soon!

Fancy's chimings! How they brighten
Life's long, lonely, evening hours,
Bearing us upon their music
Into restful, dream-filled bowers.

A FANCY.

Two brooklets, in their silvery course,
Long days ran side by side,
And loved the path they rambled through,
The verdant valley wide.

They loved each other ; every beam
Sent down to light their foam
Was shared, and brighter seemed than rays
That glanced outside their home.

Or if the shade e'er fell athwart,
They rippled songs of cheer,
Until the shadow stole away
To show the sunlight clear.

O merrily, merrily passed those days
When love smiled over all,
And brooklets sang they'd constant be
Whatever might befall.

One day they reached the valley's end ;
A forest grand they spied,
And sped to greet its shady depths,
As ever side by side.

But when they entered, one, all dazed
By flowers so strange and fair,
By trees that seemed to touch the sky
And songs that filled the air,

And, more than all, by placid streams
That gently flowed beside,
Sped from the friend of other days,
Through newer paths to glide.

The lonely streamlet mourns the vale
Where love smiled over all,
And brooklets sang of constancy
Whatever might befall.

AUTUMN DAYS.

You beam around our every path,
O softened Autumn days !
The sweetest smiles of nature's face
Aglow with golden rays !
We love you, month of sunset lights,
The best of all the year,
And yet the heart is saddest when
Your whisperings greet the ear ;
For vanished days with all their joys
Before the soul arise,
Till every breeze seems laden with
A chorus of good-byes !

Imagination, airy sprite,
Come, fold your arms around
And hie with me to pastoral scenes
Where songs of peace resound !
The city's roaring, surging waves
Of noise seem strange to-day !

They clash and chafe—I fain would rest—
Come, hasten far away
To woodland haunts where Autumn winds
Sing requiems sad but sweet,
For russet, gold and crimson leaves
Asleep beneath our feet!

How full of rest those grand old woods!
But noble, stately trees,
Why must your leaves of changing light
Fly with each passing breeze?
“Their work is done! The Summer long
They threw their cooling shade;
Lovely in life, see e’en in death
Their beauty does not fade!
Will you not miss their clinging arms,
Their music night and day?”
“Ah, yes!” the branches sighed, “but we
The voice of God obey!”

O human, restless hearts! When joy
Lies dead beneath our feet,
Why not believe “It brightened life,
Its work is now complete!”
And why not let its memory live,
A thing of beauty bright,
To crush rebellious thoughts ’gainst Him
Who bore it from our sight?

O Fancy! spirit kind to me!
Your wand is laid aside!

Back to the city's busy din
We fly from woodlands wide!
But as the fevered earth revives
Beneath the welcome rain,
So you a cooling hand have pressed
On brow and heart and brain!

APRIL.

Skies of blue and skies of gray,
Hours of sun and shade,
Tears that soon are merged in smiles,
Smiles that quickly fade;
Such are April's varied days,
Month of sunny showers,
Waking emerald grass and leaves,
Brooks and springtime flowers.

AT REST.

Along the old familiar ways,
While smile the skies o'erhead,
While trees are robed in Summer's garb
And blossoms sweetness shed,

With stricken hearts we slowly pass
Through paths beloved fore'er,
To the fair "city of the dead,"
The precious mother bear.

Here, where her youth's fair sunshine streamed,
Where shadows sometimes fell,
We lay her 'mid the scenes and friends
Her loyal heart loved well.

They press around, the friends beloved,
And gaze on marble brow,
On silent lips, on death-touched eyes,
That cannot greet them now.

Dear generous heart! so brave, so bright,
As true as shining steel!
O never, never more thou'lt throb
At aught of woe or weal!

And though thy children bend o'er thee,
With hearts that ache and yearn,
Thy soft, dark eyes no more on earth
Will love's fond gaze return.

But list! Through my heartdepths are wafted sweet
tones,
And I see, through the shadows, soft light;
Look, look on the sky in its beauty and peace,
And turn from the grave's deepened night!

O children, so worthy the loved one asleep!
The tomb is her pathway to life,
To eternity glorious, teeming with bliss,
Freed forever from care and from strife.

Through memory's halls you will evermore hear
The tones that so fondly you love,
Till at last in a melody sweet they will blend
With your own, in the mansions above.

Then gaze on the sky smiling blue overhead,
And turn from the grave's shadows deep,
O trust the dear Father who chastens His own
And who gave the beloved one sleep.

ON DECK.

I gaze on the restless, rolling waves,
As they pass beneath my eye,
And list while they moan and sob and fret,
For the shores of rest they sigh!

But I know that beneath their heaving breasts,
Below where the eye can reach,
Is a deep, a wondrous land of calm,
A peace surpassing speech!

I think of some hearts that I have known,
Noble and strong and brave,
That have bent so many, many times
'Neath sorrow's rolling wave;

That have felt the tempest's fury break
On every side, but found
A harbor safe in God's dear heart,
A rest, a peace profound!

And the world saw naught but the storms of pain
That over the surface broke,
Knew naught of the deep where the soul found peace,
As alone with its God it spoke.

MY GIFT.

Sweet blossoms robed in beauty's garb,
You come to me to-day
To whisper messages of love
From friends so far away.

To haunts where balmy breezes blow,
Where air is filled with song,
You bear me off on fancy's wings
From out the city's throng;

Away where leaves on woodland paths
Glow golden ere they die,
As faces that we love appear
More sweet as death draws nigh;

To where in spirit now I list
To birds whose notes arise
Clearer, methinks, because full soon
They'll sing 'neath Summer skies!

O pansies! with your eyes of blue
And hearts of sunny gold,
And robes of purple clinging 'round
In softest velvet folds!

I read upon your blooming cheeks
The sender's loving thought,
And for the welcome gift my heart
With gratitude is fraught.

You've borne to me the peace that hides
In rural scenes away,
And filled my soul with thoughts that made
Me better for their stay.

A blessing on the blossoms pure!
God's gifts of bounteous love;
That draw the heartstrings far from earth,
To bind them fast above!

THE PROCESSION OF THE BLESSED SACRAMENT.

The waves of sorrow flood the soul;
They buffet fierce and fast;
They toss and sweep, they roar and surge,
Till Hope seems drowned at last!
Not yet, dear soul! Sweet help is nigh
In Jesus passing, passing by!

The clouds of doubt loom up before,
So dense and darkly drear!
No faith in God! No trust in man!
The skies will never clear!
Look up, dear soul! Sweet light draws nigh
In Jesus passing, passing by!

The fires of sin, like desert winds, .
Sear up the flowers of grace!
Despair, with parching lips, exclaims:
"No hope to see His face!"
Arise, dear soul! Sweet mercy's nigh
In Jesus passing, passing by!

O priest, who bears the God of Hosts
To scatter blessings rare!
No powerful potentates of earth
In rank with thee compare;
Be pure as snow on mountains high,
For you hold Jesus, passing by!

ALICE.

Dear girl, with sparkling eyes aglow,
Where merry laughter's sunbeams played,
With ruby lips, with cheeks of rose,
With brow where youth and beauty made
Their home! The big, wide world to thee
So bright and happy ever seemed;
For naught but love thy portion was,
And all its sunshine near thee streamed!

O radiant girl! Sweet vine of love
That grew within thy mother's heart,
Until its tendrils twined around
Its every deepest, sacred part!

That stretched its clinging arms to fold
Across thy priestly brother's life!
'Twas hard to see death tear the roots
While life with joy and youth were rife!

"My Lord has need of flow'rets gay,"
('Twas thus the poet spoke for death);
"And so I reap the blossoms bright,
The bearded grain at every breath!
"And now," he cries, "I tore your vine
To plant it where no touch can kill;
The flower that graced it while on earth,
In God's rich garden bloometh still."

Sweet Alice, with the deep, dark eyes,
The face where smiling beauty lay,
To faith's clear sight thou art not dead,
Just gone, a little while, away!
The mother, brother, dearly loved,
Have bidden thee a fond good-night!
But O, the eternal God sent bliss
That waits the dawn of heaven's light!

THE BOYS' HYMN.

List the boyish voices ringing
Clear and silvery through the air,
While the burden of their singing
Is the tender, loving prayer:

“Mother Mary, tell our Jesus
That we love Him fond and true,
And, O Mary, dearest mother,
Tell Him we belong to you!”

Sing they now in life's fair morning,
In the dawning of the day,
While the sun of Hope's rich promise
Throws its radiance o'er their way.

We, who've known life's heat and burden.
Who have bowed beneath its care,
Echo, while we list their singing,
“Mother Mary, hear their prayer!”

Save them from the snares that wait them,
Guide them through each devious way,
Keep them from the world unsullied,
Hear them, heed them while they pray!

MAY.

Thy winds caresses are; skies, smiles;
The flowers, thy treasures rare;
Thy music is the bird's clear note;
Thy robe, Spring's vesture fair.

Thou art a month of promise rich,
As o'er the hills you stray,
With sunny face, and whisper low
From balmy winds, O May!

We love thee well, O days of May!
Thou'rt Mary's very own!
And nearer, dearer does she seem
While thou art on Spring's throne!

LIFE'S FLOWERS.

Along your road, O dear old life,
The sweetest blossoms grow!
I cannot cull one half I see,
They bloom and cluster so!
In such profusion do they lie,
Their names I cannot call;
I can but stoop and gather fast
Their petals as they fall.

I do not like to hear men say
Life's way is choked with weeds,
For well I know 'twas they that sowed
The deadly noxious seeds.
Nor do I care to hear them sigh
Of thorns that cut and tear;
What if they wound, when all around
The roses scent the air?

The flowers of gentle, patient tones,
Of words of kindly cheer,
Of joyous laughter, pleasant smiles,
Of hand-clasps, warm, sincere,

Of thoughtful, bliss-producing deeds,
Of loving, tender prayer.—
O dear old life, these blossoms sweet
Fall from you everywhere!

I lift them up with gentle hands,
The beauteous flowers of earth—
The hours, the days, the years that make
A wreath of joy and mirth!
But O, 'gainst throbbing, thankful heart,
With reverent touch I lay
The blossoms rarest, best of all—
The friendships on Life's way!

THE DEAD MOTHER.

Aye! weep as you gaze on that lifeless form,
On that peace-filled pallid brow,
On the hands that are laid o'er the pulseless breast,
And the lips that are silent now;
For the noblest, tenderest heart that beat
Is numbered among the dead,
And the sweetest spirit that ever breathed,
From its dwelling below hath fled.

Dear, waxen hands! Our own no more
In greeting warm you'll hold;
And smiles of welcome ne'er will wreath
The lips now still and cold.

So beautiful in death thou art,
Like child asleep who dreams
He visits lands aglow with flowers,
Green trees, and running streams.

Dear, gentle one! In sunnier days,
How brightly beamed thy smile;
And, when the shadows fell, it shone
With softer light the while.
The heaviest crosses on thee laid
Were meekly borne, O patient one!
Amid thy sorrows' deepest shades,
Arose the prayer, "Thy will be done!"

'Tis ended now, the weary pain;
And gazing on thy placid brow,
We feel, if aught could break that calm,
Thou wouldst not wish it broken now;
For surely thou'lt awake to life
In realms of light above,
To wear the crown thy crosses bought
From His unfailing love.

O tender blossoms left on earth
To breast life's storms alone,
How bravely bend ye to the task
Without a sigh or moan!
God bless and keep you in His love
Till Heaven one day can show
A glorious counterpart of "Home,"
So sadly wrecked below!

OUR MOTHER.

Upon the soil of Mother Church,
What lovely blossoms grow!
Each petal decked in fairest hues
That Nature can bestow!
They're sparkling with the dew of faith,
They're nourished with our prayers,
And, strange to say, they're brightest when
We know life's tears and cares!

Within the garden plot reserved
For Mary, spotless queen,
The sweetest blossoms lift their heads
From sward of living green.
She gives with generous, open hand
To those who for them pray,
And scatters them most lavishly,
When shines the sun of May.

The passion-flower she twines around
Each wearing, heavy cross;
With rose of love she compensates
For every earthly loss;
Her snowy lilies nestle near
The poor, repentant soul;
Her blue-eyed violets shyly plead,
When pride is in control.

For every ill, for every grief,
Our Mother holds a balm;

The flowers from out her garden live
Amid life's storm and calm.
O Mother dear, bequeathed to us
From Calvary's Cross! we pray
In life, in death, be thou our own,
Our lovely Queen of May!

GOD KNOWETH ALL.

Dear soul! the night of bitter woe
Is closing 'round thy life!
Dark, dark the shades that compass thee
Of sorrow, care and strife.
But through the dense and lowering clouds
A star of beauty peers,
And from the darkened sky, a song
Of promise greets the ears:—
"The heavy, gloomy shades may fall,
God knoweth all! God knoweth all!"

The world is beautiful, dear soul,
Its sunshine all is thine!
But comes the bitter thought that round
Thy youth Death's arm must twine.
That soon the boatman grim will bear
Thee o'er the silent deep.
And yet there's One who'll watch with Him
That peaceful, dreamless sleep;
The sun may rise, the night may fall;
God knoweth all! God knoweth all!

O, breathe it thro' the heart of woe,
This sweet, this blessed truth!
To struggling souls, to doubting minds,
Old age and restless youth!
His care is hovering o'er His own,
The God who notes the sparrow's fall;
O music filled, joy-bringing thought,
"He knoweth all! He knoweth all!"

HOMESICKNESS.

Your city home is grand, I know,
In all that wealth can buy,
Sweet sounds, fair sights on every side,
Entrance the ear and eye.
But while you bid me happy be
Amid the splendors here,
My truant heart goes wandering back
To scenes more fondly dear.

A little vine-embowered cot
With roses climbing o'er,
That ope to hummingbirds that flit
Like sunbeams past the door.
The lawn where shade and sunshine lie,
The hills where breezes play,
The bridge that spans the brook that sings
Forever on its way.

O treasures strewn with lavish hands,
I'd gladly you resign,
If once again that dear old cot,
That long-lost home were mine!
O dulcet tones now breathing 'round,
Once sweeter strains I knew,
And robins sang them o'er the lane,
Where many blossoms grew!

So, though your mansion gorgeous is,
In all that wealth can yield,
My yearning thoughts go straying back
To cot and lane and field;
And I would give the world to-day
But once again to roam
The hills, the grassy meadows wide,
Around my childhood's home!

GOOD-BYE.

It speeds away
Each Summer day,
Still brimming o'er with light and song;
And I would stay
Its onward way,
As on Time's wings it flies along.

O sunny hours
Of trees and flowers,
You've spread a feast of peace and rest!

Could your repast,
But always last,
I'd ever be your happy guest.

Where joys abound,
Where mirth is found,
In the quaint old house by shaded ways,
For me 'twas there
Your treasures rare
Were richly stored, O Summer days!

'Twas there the flowers
Of friendship's bowers
With lavish hands were strewn for me ;
Where the warm seeds
Of kindest deeds
And words, became Love's faithful tree.

O evening hours
Where silvery showers
Streamed out from Luna's disc of light !
With jest and song,
You sped along,
And left but mem'ry in your flight !

With Byron's hills,
And rippling rills,
And valleys clothed in verdure bright,
O Summer days
In mem'ry's rays,
You'll ever live in purest light !

And while I say
Good-bye to-day
To sylvan scenes and skies of blue,
I fondly pray,
God bless for aye,
The friends I've found so leal and true!

GOOD NIGHT!

Good night! Dear, loyal, noble friend,
The sunset hour is near!
You rest within its golden rays,
We wait in shadows here!
We watch your ship go sailing past
Amid the waves of light,
And stand on shore with saddened hearts
To waft you our "Good night!"

Good night, dear life, as guileless as
The snowy, brooding dove;
As trusty as the stars that shine
In matchless light above;
As noble as the knight of old;
As simple as a child,
But wise in lore that makes men saints,
And keeps them undefiled.

Good night! Good night! dear heart, for us,
With deepest loving filled!
No more on earth we'll clasp the hands
Now crossed, so white and stilled;

No more on earth those deep brown eyes
Will turn in love to ours!
Good night! Good night! but not good-bye!
We wait the morning hours!

Good night! God grant the boy you loved
Beyond all power to tell,
Has whispered on the shores of day
"My father! All is well!"
Good night, my dear true friend, you've sailed
Far with life's ebbing tide!
But O the joy of morning's dawn
In Heaven's harbor wide!

LOVE IS BEST.

A wond'rous power, O shining gold!
Is lurking in your burnished face,
To yield to sense all things desired,
And poverty's dread shadows chase.
But you can never still the moan
That's wrung from out a sorrowing breast;
When suffering touches sons of Earth,
Then "Love is best! Dear Love is best!"

And when the wayward restless soul
Would pass along forbidden ways,
There's naught can win it back to truth
Like Love's sweet voice or Love's sad gaze.

Deprived of Love we still could live ;
But life, how strange a thing 'twould be !
All drear and cold *without* its smile,
While *with* it darkest shadows flee

And, when Death's Angel hovers nigh,
'Tis not to wealth or power we'll turn ;
The trembling soul will eager crave
That light of Love beside it burn.
The Love of Earth ! The Love of Heaven !
Ah ! he who feels its might is blest—
For, since it broke a heart divine,
"Dear Love is best ! Dear Love is best !"

THE OLD BELL.

Ringling out upon the stillness
Peals the old familiar bell,
That so often asked an entrance
Into scenes I loved full well.
Memory now with touch so skillful,
Plays her sweet and tender note,
Happy schooldays, bright and blissful
On her music wavelets float !

And once more I list to teachings
From a mind with wisdom fraught ;
Once again Religion's lessons
By the same dear lips I'm taught.

Merry jest and joyous laughter
Ring anew in music clear ;
Spirits light e'er dwelt within thee,
Schoolroom precious, bright and dear !

But the earth with bitter sorrow
Filled the hearts that lightest throbbed ;
Sunny hopes and aspirations
Crushed were soon, of brightness robbed.
Still, the lessons learned while with thee,
Teach us where to look for aid,
Faith there nurtured, ever strengthens,
Love and Hope will never fade.

E'en though earth bestow her brightest,
I will ne'er as happy be,
As in days when those I treasured
Dwelt with me, dear school, in thee ;
Other steps are echoing through thee,
Thou art now the stranger's home,
But, dear school, love will not yield thee,
Thou'rt my own, where'er I roam !

O, my happy, happy school days !
Gone from me forevermore !
Joys the fairest, hopes the brightest,
Fled with thee, a glittering store !
Other scenes may yet surround me,
Other friendships yet be mine,
But, fond memory, like the ivy,
'Round my school days e'er shall twine.

Time, my love can never weaken,
They will ne'er less bright appear,
Only death the bond can sever,
School friends, schoolroom, all so dear!

SISTER ———'S GOLDEN JUBILEE.

So many years, my Jesus sweet!
Since first I heard Thy call!
Through life's fair morn, and noon and eve,
Thou wert my own, my all!

O precious day, my own Beloved!
That called me close to Thee!
And blessings on Thee, Bridegroom loved,
That chose unworthy me!

Time's chaplet knew the silver stones,
And now in gold it gleams!
While "Fifty years Saint Vincent's child,"
All through its radiance beams!

O dear Saint Vincent, father blest!
Hear thou my prayer to-day!
Help me in truth as well as name
To be thy "child," for aye.

And while I walk life's sloping hill,
While twilight shadows fall,
Take thou my hand, O help me keep
The graces of the "Call!"

TO THE VERY REV. P. J. CONWAY.

I knew a garden fair and wide,
Where blossomed many flowers ;
And tender was the gardener's care
Of all its leafy bowers.
His hand destroyed the noxious weeds
That peeped above the sod,
And cherished every beauteous bud,
Fresh from the love of God.

Within his heart, to each bright flower,
Of love he gave a share ;
But there were some fair blooming ones
That felt his tenderest care :
The Lily with its snowy cup—
The Rose of regal grace—
The Violet that hid away
Its sweet and winsome face.

Brighter and brighter, day by day,
His floral treasures grew—
More fair, more pleasing to his eye
In number, strength and hue.
But soon a message sped to him
That called him from his own,
And other hands now tend the plants
Whose seeds by him were sown.

Will those bright flowers, so well beloved—
The souls to him so dear—
Wither beneath the stranger's care,
And lose their radiance clear?

Ah, no! Our guide and friend revered,
Still strong and fair we'll bloom,
Whether 'tis sunshine from on high,
Or leaden skies of gloom!

Farewell! We'll miss thy beaming smile—
Thy greeting warm and true—
The ready sympathy we met
When clouds o'ercast the blue.
But still we would not stay thy course;
God keep thee in His love!
Farewell! We'll bless thy honored name,
Until we meet above!

RETROSPECTION.

'Tis twilight's dreamy hour! I sit
Within the firelight's glow,
And conjure up with mystic spell
The scenes of "Long Ago!"

I see again the schoolroom loved,
The girlish faces bright!
I hear once more the merry laugh,
And tones from hearts as light

As thistledown. And now their eyes
Are fixed with earnest gaze
Upon one face, the most revered
Of girlhood's happy days.

She leads us slowly, surely up
The hill of knowledge high,
And stones seem smooth and heights seem low
With her dear presence nigh.

Our faith grows strong and broad and deep,
While noblest thoughts arise,
As Sister points the narrow way
That leads beyond the skies.

And now the loving eyes are turned,
While fervent prayers ascend,
Where tapers burn before the shrine
Of Mary, Mother, Friend!

The firelight dies, the shadows fall;
The schoolroom fades away;
O faces loved! or grave, or gay,
Where are ye all to-day?

Some, God's own spouses, labor on
Within His vineyard blest,
And some, beneath the verdant sod,
In dreamless slumber rest!

The years for some most bitter draughts,
For others, sweetness pour,
But weal or woe has never dimmed
The memories fond of yore!

O schoolday joys, the purest, best,
That life can ever know!
O girlhood friends! O teachers loved!
O happy "Long Ago!"

We bless our God you once were ours,
And O we fondly pray,
That our dear Sisters and their girls
May meet in Heaven some day!

SUNSET HOUR.

Fair Day has climbed the hills of Eve,
And lingers on its height,
To flood the earth from beauty's fount,
Ere comes the sombre night!
She gazes on the waves of light
That ripple from the sky,
Then goes with slow, reluctant step,
As if so loath to die!

When life's brief day has reached the mount
Beyond which lies death's gloom,
As earth recedes, will all its joys
A fairer garb assume?
Will the sweet love that filled our souls
With bliss of Paradise,
Seem richer, rarer, nobler far,
When sunset tints the skies?

Oh! if our own are still on earth,
When life's night hours draw nigh,
Be sure we'll turn to gaze on each
With eager, longing eye,
Unless Faith whisper: Though the night
Is creeping on apace,
An endless dawn will see thee clasp
Thy loved in fond embrace!

WHICH?

"I think," said a man whose snowy hair,
Whose wrinkled brow and faded eye
Betrayed a near approach to death,
"That the bliss of heaven in *peace* must lie!
That we long to reach its shores because
We'll never again know care or toil,
But rest in His arms through endless days,
Away from all sounds of earth's turmoil."

"I think," said a youth with flashing orbs,
And a form erect in strong young pride,
"That we yearn to go to our God because
In His Heart we shall all be satisfied!
No more will we know the longing for love
For a joy, for a fame we ne'er can reach,
Like the waves that are striving far out at sea,
But can never caress the shining beach!"

"I think," said a winsome, blue-eyed girl,
 "We wish to fly beyond the skies,
That we may drain to its deepest depths
 The cup of loving in Paradise!
He will press us close to His tender Heart
 The souls that are joined with Him above,
And I know that heaven is heaven because
 'Tis filled with the sweets of a boundless love!"

GOLDEN WEDDING.

June, the month of roses!
 June, the Summer's queen!
June, the fairest jewel
 In year's chaplet seen!

June, so lovely, winsome,
 Even the Heart Divine
Lets His creatures offer
 It before His shrine!

"Fifty years together!"
 So June sings to-day!
Surely God's sweet blessing
 Rested on your way!

With your children's children
 Gathered 'round your side,
And with hearts as loyal,
 As when groom and bride!

Let me send my greetings
In this month of flowers ;
May God's choicest blessings
Fill the coming hours !

May the "golden" jewel
With its glimmering light
Yield in distant future
Place to "diamond" bright.

THE LEAF.

A leaf that had clung to a poplar tree
All through the Summer fair,
Fluttered to earth one Autumn day,
And as it slowly withered away,
This was its wistful prayer :

"Dear tree, would I could cling to thee
Once more before I die !
I'd tell thee of the love that filled
My heart, and through my being thrilled
In happy days gone by.

"While thy protecting arms were near,
My voice was ever dumb ;
Now 'tis too late for thee to hear
The songs of love so sweet and clear—
In death the power is numb."

Ah! many a life at its fading away,
As the dying leaf will feel,
As the pang of a love but half confessed,
Of a feeling of gratitude half expressed,
All through the soul will steal.

And the thought of the tender words ne'er said,
Caresses e'er denied,
That our well beloved so longed to know,
Will surge through the soul in streams of woe,
A fierce, o'ermastering tide!

TO SISTER MARY: DAUGHTER OF CHARITY
OF ST. VINCENT DE PAUL.

Sleep! Sleep! my beloved! For thou'rt wearied at last
By the Cross thou hast borne through the years of the
past!

Rest, rest, my own Spouse! In the arms of my Love,
And awake but to glory and beauty above!

The summons has come from the mansion of light,
The voice of the Bridegroom is heard in the night,
The music of Heaven is borne deep within,
And stills earthly discords, its pain and its din.

Thou'rt gone, and the world seems to grow strangely
drear

To the hearts that have loved thee for many a year!
Thou'rt gone and the grief of thy children is deep,
As they gaze on thee now, in thy last peaceful sleep.

Wise head, that directed and governed in Love!
Kind heart, whose sweet Charity blossomed above!
Pure soul, of whose beauty but Jesus can tell!
O, how can we whisper to these, our farewell!

Farewell to the life that was one strain of song,
Whose notes fell like silver, so pure and so strong!
For the Angels have listened, have pleaded, and lo!
'Tis heard past the skies, and 'tis ended below!

Ended? Ah, no! it is breathing around
And hushing the wail of the "Requiem" sound!
'Tis soaring aloft in the "Gloria's" notes,
While Sister's loved spirit o'er all of us floats.

O, beautiful life and beautiful rest,
Near the altar of Him thy true heart loved the best!
For Him didst thou live, didst thou suffer and die,
Thou gavest Him all and now Heaven is nigh.

Dear friend of our childhood! thy memory will rest
For aye with the ones thy pure lifetime has blest!
Plead for the Sisters and child of thy love,
Plead for us all with the Savior above!

Ah, well, dear companions! The battle's not long,
Let grief be subdued by the Faith that is strong;
And patience, my Sisters! she'll meet you one day
Where Love knows no sunset or dimming of ray!

GOD'S WISDOM.

If the Father had set the fair crown of each life
With naught but Joy's diamonds and gold,
How much that is noble, and tender, and sweet,
Would we miss in a world strangely cold!

If we never had wept in our passionate grief
O'er the form of the loved, gone from earth,
Could we light the fair lamp that would shed its
bright ray
Thro' the soul where the shadows had birth.

If we never had shrunk, in our quivering pain,
When cut by a look or a word,
When passion was roused, 'mid its tumult and din,
Could sweet, patient meekness be heard?

If "good-byes" never brought us their dumb, bitter
pain,
If our hearts' idols always were near,
Our God we'd forget, and the soul's destined Home,
While forever we'd wish to be here.

If we never had struggled and lost in the fight,
If our natures were easily tamed,
Would we stretch helping hands to the brother that
erred,
Would we pity when others but blamed?

Ah, no! if the sword never entered our hearts,
If the tears ne'er bedewed our own eyes,
But little we'd care for another's dark life,
While sunshine lit up our own skies.

And so the wise Father besprinkles each crown,
With pearls, whether many or few,
They're the teardrops that fall and awake into life,
The gems that are fairest to view.

Then bless Him, and praise Him, the all knowing
God,
That sends us the crosses we need,
For He sees, with the eyes of His merciful Love,
Our hearts will be His if they bleed!

LINES.

O happy soul! O happy soul!
How blest, how blest thou art,
Through all the din, to hear the call
That binds thee to His Heart!
To know, those lovely wounded Hands,
Since life awoke for thee,
Outstretched have been, to lead thee on,
"His own beloved" to be!

O, sweet the love that earth can yield,
But then it knows decay;
And sweet the joys that live in life,
Yet they, too, fade away.
But thou hast found, in His dear Heart,
Unfailing joy and love.
O, happiness begun on earth
To live for aye above!

Ah! down in that deep wound of Love,
You've placed your vows sincere,
To hold the poor and lowly hearts
As he e'er held them—dear.
As "He was subject" thou wilt be,
His voice thou'lt ever hear,
And in thy soul sweet chastity
Will steadfast beam, and clear.

O, happy one! O, happy one!
Our Jesus' spouse to be!
The angels bend in wondering love
To feast their eyes on thee.
O, keep undimmed the Bridegroom's crown
That's beaming on your brow,
Until you gaze upon that Heart
That won your virgin vow.

THE BRIDEGROOM'S CALL.

"Arise, my Beloved!" 'Tis the Bridegroom that calls,
He longs for His Spouse, in His heavenly halls!
A smile lights her face as the sun lights the west!
The Rose of Columba's is gone to her rest!

The Cross was borne bravely, the Crown is now won,
She hears from her Master His loving "Well done."
Thrice nobly she toiled in His field till the last,
And Death had no terrors when life's day was past.

None know but to love her, and many a tear
Falls hot on the casket of her they hold dear.
Aye! even the stranger will feel the drop start
As he lists to the tale of her warm, noble heart.

O, soul that was noble and earnest and kind!
O, life where the rarest of virtues we find!
O, mind ever pure as the white lily-flower!
How sadly they'll miss you, each day and each hour!

Thy children, whose tears fall so fast on thy grave,
Will miss the loved teacher, that to them oft gave
The lessons of wisdom, of virtue and love,
That fitted for earth and for Heaven above.

Thy Sisters! Ah! well may they weep for thee now,
As they press the last kiss on thy cold, pallid brow,
For never again will Columba's own bower
Be graced by a Rose like its transplanted flower.

But not for her, Sisters, should "Requiems" moan—
Let rather "Te Deum" burst forth its grand tone.
Her spirit, too noble, through earth's walks to roam,
Now basks in the sunshine of God's blessed Home!

O, Daughter of Vincent! thrice happy and blest,
At the feet of thy Father to peacefully rest
And wait, while thy hymn with the seraphs ascends,
Till the message speeds forth to thy loving earth-
friends.

Till, while in each bosom love's light purely glows,
In Heaven they'll greet thee, their own Sister Rose!
Ah! then with such joy will the meeting be fraught
They'll forget the deep pain that the parting hours
brought!

OCTOBER.

"O what is so rare as a day in June!"

Excepting a day in October!

When breezes are singing a requiem strain
As brimming with sweetness as 'tis with pain,
A sigh for the days that are over!

Oh, these are the hours I long to roam
The woods and the vales of Byron!
To list while the music from feathered throats
Is gushing and pouring in silvery notes
More sweet than the songs of a siren.

To tread on a carpet deep with leaves
All tinted with Autumn glory,
And read in each leaf of changing light,
So russet and red, so golden and bright,
Of life and of death the story!

The tree is the life, and the leaves the joys
That cluster and blossom beside it;
But they slip from our grasp as the days go by
And the scar that remains as away they fly,
Ah! we do our best to hide it.

But when o'er the scars a new joy grows,
The world to our eyes seems fairer;
And thus do we live, while each brief day
That flies to our lives on its onward way,
Is a joy or a sorrow bearer.

Till at length life's tree sees its strength depart,
Sees the last of its joys or sorrow;
And is glad to gaze upon Death's stern face,
To feel, while it yields to its close embrace,
'Twill never know earth's to-morrow!

ONE DAY.

O'er a golden field near a silvery lake,
With the emerald isles between;
O'er the yellow grain and the buckwheat white,
And the meadows deeply green;

O'er the woods where the leaves of the oak and the
elm
Bend low as the winds go by,
Where the wild flowers peep from the velvet sward
And the streamlet ripples by;

Where the notes of the birds and the songs of the
brook
And the hum of the busy bee,
With the softened sounds from the fields afar,
Are all that are borne to me,

I gaze, while a cloudless sky smiles o'er
The beautiful, peaceful scene,
And never, I know, were treasures as rich
Spread out before king or queen.

The world may come with its dreams of fame,
Of wealth and of deepest bliss,
But never a joy in its storehouse vast,
Compares with a day like this!

O, the sweetest songs that were ever sung,
Ring over the farm to-day!
And the sweetest tales that were ever told,
Are heard while the breezes play!

And this grand old earth seems the fairest spot
That mortal heart may know,
While the soul o'erflows with a grateful love
To the God that made it so.

NO SPOT IN THEE.

Spotless spouse of holy Joseph,
Lily of the scented May,
From our hearts we fondly greet thee,
Macula non est in te!

Sorrow's thorns so often wound us,
Thou can'st take the sting away,
Mother Mary, ever tender!
Macula non est in te!

Clouds of doubt oft times surround us,
Truth's clear sunbeams near thee play,
Thou hast never, never failed us,
Macula non est in te!

Weak and sinning, but presuming
On thy love, to thee we pray,—
Wash us in the fount of mercy,
Macula non est in te!

When Death's angel drops the curtain
On life's ever-varied play,
Mother, to our souls O whisper,—
Macula non est in te!

MISSED.

"He was old," you say. I know it,
Beyond "threescore and ten,"
Beyond the span allotted
By psalmist unto men.

"His life work done," well, maybe,
If labor's all of life,
Though oftentimes sweeter blessings
Are born in rest than strife.

'Twas thus with him, sojourning
Within the vale of age,
With undimmed vision scanning
Life's closely written page.

His was no wondrous learning,
Yet though not seer nor sage,
He taught the fullest lessons
From off that finished page.

For writ thereon so clearly
Were trust in human kind;
Fidelity to friendships
Around his heartstrings twined.

A charity for sinners;
In God a faith sublime;
A nature all unsullied,
Untouched by frosts of time.

And this is why we miss him
Asleep beneath the sod,
White-haired but sunny-hearted,
"The noblest work of God."

THE HUMBLE POET.

The rare exotic's beauty rich
Can dazzle every eye—
But sweet and tender are the thoughts
That come with violets shy.

The ocean in its vast expanse
Sends through the soul a thrill—
But streamlets o'er the woodland ways
Our hearts with music fill.

The storm-clouds sailing, rolling on,
Are grand in power and might—
But O, we love the feathery clouds
That float through skies of light!

Our minds are raised to heights sublime,
Near peaks all robed in snow—
But rest and peace are in the vale
That nestles far below!

To music of the masters old,
Minds send responsive chords;
But hearts are touched when from the trees
Ring out the songs of birds.

The humble poet's flowers of song
Are blooming everywhere;
Mayhap they'll soothe, as once they did,
Some restless "pulse of care."

Then though you never reach the "heights,"
Sing on the lowly way!
Some hearts may cull your blossoms pure,
And twine a sweet bouquet.

SUNSET.

A golden lake where dark ships lie
At rest! An amethyst shore
With castles grand, whose sapphire towers
Far in the distance soar!

A glowing, glorious ball of fire
That slowly sinks from sight,
While earth and air, and sea and sky
Lie chained in beauty's might!

The robin in the elm sends forth
A tiny stream of song:
"Praise God! Praise God!" the wavelets say,
As still they float along.

The cheery whistle o'er the farm,
From those whose toil is done,
Seems trilling forth a strain of praise
To Him who rules the sun.

Down, down it sinks! The castles fall,
The shores recede from sight!
The moon appears, with starry train,
Majestic queen of night!

WHY.

Why do I love to ramble alone
Through the mossy wood and the shady lane?
Because the songs that are sung therein,
Awake in my heart an answering strain.
Let me whisper the notes I hear,
All but the ones too sweet to tell,
Wondering if they'll impart to you
The peace they have taught to me so well!

The little flower near the hanging rock
Perfumes the air by the wayside walk ;
But few can see the pretty head
That droops so low on the tender stalk,
Hidden from all in sweet content,
Caring naught for admiring gaze,
Only grateful that life is spent
In scattering sweets o'er the shady ways !

Away in the branches the birdies build
Their cunningly woven nest,
But the storms arise and their home is torn
From the oak tree's sheltering breast !
And now with a patient, cheerful chirp
The birds their work renew,
And stronger weave and firmer bind
The nest the winds o'erthrew !

The bee comes buzzing to the rose
To steal its honey sweet,
Unmindful other bees have borne
The spoils he hoped to greet ;
Undaunted, towards the thistle-cup
He flies, rich stores to see,
The rough outside a treasure veils
And this he knows, wise bee !

The sunset dips its brush and paints
The trees, the flowers, the sky,
And writes, "If earth so lovely seem,
What beauties past it lie !

And if my hour can bathe the soul
In such a stream of peace,
Think what must be the bliss beyond,
Where rest and joy ne'er cease!"

Now, do you know why I ramble alone
Through the mossy wood and the shady lane?
The songs that are sung do you understand,
Do they wake in you the same answering strain?
O listen with me to Nature's songs
And learn the lessons sweet they tell,
May they bring to you as they've brought to me,
The peace and the joy they teach so well!

JUNE.

June, the queen of Summer's land,
Flowery scepter in thy hand,
Crown of beauty on thy brow,
Fairest of them all art thou!

All thy blossoms seem to bloom,
Sending out their rich perfume,
All thy radiance seems to shine
For the Sacred Heart divine!

Jesus, with Thy arms outspread,
Sacred Heart, Thy last drop shed,
Grant like June our lives may be
Consecrated all to Thee!

ASLEEP.

"One by one the dear old faces
Vanish o'er the sunset hill!"
Work is done, the harvest gathered,
And the toil-worn hands are still!
Life's strong tree lies prone and leafless,
But its fruits are stored above,
And the soul that made its beauty
Rests within a Heart of love!

Nature's nobleman, we greet thee;
Ended now is life's long fight;
Gentle, honest, kindly-hearted,
Thou didst ever seek the right!
Sturdy type of old-school virtue,
Scorning what was mean or base,
Holding high the stainless record
Of an ancient, honored race.

While life's evening bells were tolling,
And the shadows slowly fell,
"Ave's" music floated 'round thee
From the rosary loved so well.
God's anointed whispered blessings,
Cherished children knelt beside,
Peace and prayer and love were with thee
At the ebbing of the tide.

"One by one, the dear old faces
Vanish o'er the sunset hill,"
But the memory of their virtues
Is abiding with us still!

No "good-byes" may Faith's lips utter,
"Rest in peace," we fondly pray;
For the night that follows sunset
Breaks at last in perfect day!

TO MY DEAR FRIEND MRS. J. H——.

There's a sobbing strain that is borne along
On the balmy breeze of May;
There's a wailing note that is floating 'round
For the heart that's still to-day,
For the husband loved, for the father dear,
For the home that's saddened now,
For the hopes that died, for the joys that fled,
When the Death King touched his brow.

Ah! the grass will grow, and the skies will smile,
And the blossoms bud and bloom!
But the warm hand clasp and the cheery tone
Are hid in the silent tomb!
Then sigh and sob for the aching heart
That bends o'er his verdant bed,
For Jesus wept o'er His friend beloved,—
His Lazarus—lying dead!

But hark! Is that a requiem hymn?
That softened tender strain
That floats and falls as rose leaves drop?
That soothes the bitter pain?

It stills the storm as long ago
He calmed the raging sea;
'Tis "Nearer, O my God! to Thee!
Nearer to Thee!"

Nearer to Thy tender Heart,
There let him rest!
Clasp him in Thy loving arms,
Thou knowest best!
O'er my lonely darkened way
Send Hope's lambent light!
Help our little ones to walk
In the path of right!
Let him with our baby girl
Wait beside the Throne
Till the pearly gates are oped,
And we meet "our own!"

THE REASON.

"Sing on, my soul, the glittering goal
By distance brighter seems!
Work on! Work on! 'Twill soon be won,
The castle of thy dreams!"

He sings away thro' youth's short day,
'Till Age full soon appears,
His struggles past, he's crowned at last
Where Fame her castle rears!

Thro' marble halls, by gilded walls,
He treads with pensive air,
By light subdued is keenly viewed
The beauty everywhere.

Yes, yes! 'tis bright and full of light,
Yet much is wanting still,
Far more than this must come e'er bliss
His yearning soul can fill.

He steals away where Nature's lay
Is heard from morn till night,
Where brooklets flow, where blossoms grow,
Where Peace sheds chastened light.

And borne along upon their song,
He hears with quick surprise:
"They build too low who build below
God's grand enduring skies!"

UNDYING.

They say those glad days all have vanished,
Their chimes full of sweetness and peace,
Borne far, far away into silence,
Evermore, evermore, now must cease.
And 'tis wrong to sit eagerly listening
To yearn for their blithe, happy sound,
For they're dead and the bells of stern duty,
Are ringing its vot'ries around.

We go ; but oh ! say not those chimings
Forever are stilled in this life !
Hear you not, hear you not their own echoes
Ringing clear, mounting high o'er the strife.
O, chimes ever hallowed and precious,
Loved music of fair golden days,
Till death still our senses we'll list you,
Above all the din hear your lays !

Then, think not they're dead or e'en sleeping,—
They're living and breathing for aye
In music 'tis true, sadly tender,
But ah ! would we change for the gay ?
Ring clear, for life's burdens are heavy,
Chime on, till its worries are past !
And safe in the arms of the Savior
Come Peace and Contentment at last !

THE FAVORED ONE.

On ivied porch, a gladsome sight,
Mother and children fair,
Two blithe boys, one gentle girl,
With sun-kissed golden hair.

I wonder which of the happy three
Shares most of Mother's heart.
You know ? Then tell me e'er the four
From yonder porch depart.

“I’ve asked the self-same question, friend
That you’ve just put to me,
And what she answered at the time,
I will impart to thee.”

“Which of the three I love the best?”
She said, while to her eyes
Uprose a sadly wistful look
I met with some surprise.

“The favored one you wish to know?
That would be hard to tell;
I love as only mothers can,
My Percy, Will and Nell.

“But there’s another far away,
The brightest, merriest one,
With laughing eyes and nut-brown hair
Unlike their locks of sun.

“He was so restless, e’en my love
His longings could not fill,
He turned him from his boyhood’s home,
O, heart of mine be still!

“He was not gentle like the rest,
My proud and headstrong boy,
He gave me pain and cost me tears,
While they give naught but joy.

"Yet thro' the darkness of the night,
The brightness of the day,
I miss the 'flower of all the flock,'
The boy that roamed away.

"For, O, I love my wanderer best!
God bring him home some day,
Child of my prayers, child of my tears,
Child of my heart for aye!"

DAY IS DONE.

Rest, gentle mother, sweetly rest,
Within the Sacred Heart!
For in the Master's vineyard wide
Full well thou didst thy part!

From dawn till vespers' twilight hour,
Aye, till the night drooped down,
Thou toiled and prayed and nobly strove,
Now comes the victor's crown!

A gentle, tender, patient heart,
A faith as mountains high,
An unassuming, pure, sweet life,
Now "Home" beyond the sky!

Those precious to thy mother heart
Are now God's spouses dear,
O, may each be within thy crown
A gem of radiance clear!

Rest, gentle mother, day is done!
The ripened grain is bound!
The Angels' strains of "Harvest Home!"
Through God's dear land resound!

TO GRACE.

Our Grace is dead! Life's lovely flower has closed
Its petals fair! The sweet-toned voice is still!
The eyes that mirrored forth a soul all white,
Are closed! The gentle heart that ever throbbed
With pity for the poor and lowly ones
Is quiet now! Not e'en the father's deep
O'ermastering love could match thee, Death, when
thou

Didst wrest from him the strongest tie that bound
Him unto earth! Grace! Well they named thee so!
Thou surely wert God's own sweet Grace,
A blessing fair to home and friends! a flower
That shed the odors rare of kindness,
Of gentle deeds and words, that made life's vale
A lovely spot! So patient, noble, true,
'Tis bitter hard to give thee up, but yet,
'Tis God who claims thee! In his home, dear Grace,
Thou'lt know the joy eternal, and, some day,
Around thy father loved wilt twine thy arms,
And there, no Angel Death can enter in
To break the ties that bind him to his own!

FEAST OF THE SACRED HEART.

We greet thee with rapture, we hail thee with joy,
O, happy, O, thrice blessed day!
The feast of our Jesus, the feast of our God,
Of love that will ne'er pass away!

O, Heart ever human, yet ever divine,
The center of glory and might!
Heart pierced with the lance of an undying love,
And broken on Calvary's height!

O, Heart that can brighten with fairest of flowers
The dreariest, gloomiest ways!
And make e'en the sun of prosperity's hours
Cast clearer, more beautiful rays!

O, Heart ever guiding the just in the way
That leads them to Heaven above,
Ever seeking the poor, straying sheep of thy flock
With tender and sorrowful love!

O, Heart of our Jesus, our Lord and our God!
What gifts shall we offer to-day?
Thy hearts, my own children! Yield them unto me,
And nevermore take them away!

Yes! Yes! sweetest Jesus, we willingly hide
Them deep in the depths of Thy Heart!
May they Love Thee for aye and all others in Thee,
Till life and things earthly depart!

And then may we soar far away to Thy arms,
In Thy beauty forever have part,
Be sharers for aye in Thy glorious Home,—
O, grant it, dear beautiful Heart!

ABSENT.

Gently creeping, softly stealing,
Shades of night come clustering round,
Opening founts of thought and feeling,
Stilling labor's busy sound.

Wintry winds without are blowing,
Stars o'erhead their vigils keep,
Fires within are warmly glowing,
Shadows lengthen as they creep.

Bright the fireside looks and cheery
As our band now gathers there,
But our hearts are sad and dreary,
We behold one "vacant chair."

One we miss from out the circle,
Miss his ready wit and song,
Miss the eyes that used to sparkle
Brightest of the family throng.

Aye, our "bonny boy" we miss thee,
Miss thee, morning, noon and eve,
Hearts are yearning to caress thee,
Home is waiting to receive.

May the wintry breezes blowing,
Waft to thee our love sincere,
May the stars above the glowing,
Whisper low our earnest prayer:—

That the Angel spirits 'round thee
May protect from harm to-night,
And if darkened clouds surround thee,
Help thee see the silvery light!

TO A DEAR FRIEND.

Far, far away from the dear old home
She lies asleep!
The Cross is dropped, the Crown is won,
God now will keep
Forevermore within His Heart
This faithful soul;
At rest within His peaceful home
While ages roll!

So faithful to the Master's work
Through toilsome days!
So patient in His service sweet
O'er thorny ways!
So loyal to His will divine
In suffering's hour!
Oh, when the Bridegroom came to thee,
How rich thy dower!

How beautiful the gentle heart,
The kindly ways!
The unassuming life aglow
With Love's pure rays!
The sympathetic soul that strove
To lighten care!—
These were the gifts the Bridegroom found
And claimed fore'er!

Goodby, dear friend! God with thee be
Until we meet!
Oh, pray for us now rest is thine
At Jesus' feet!
For thee our prayers of love will rise,
Both morn and night,
And bind us close to thee, dear heart,
With chains of light!

FEAST OF THE PURIFICATION.

Where, where art thou speeding, O beautiful one!
With Jesus so close to thy breast?
To the Temple? What need canst thou have of man's
prayers,
Sweet Virgin, the grace-filled and blessed?

"I go, that my children submission may learn
To God and His servants' commands,
That His love be remembered and self be forgot,
No matter how loud its demands."

O, Fountain of Purity! Vessel of Light!
In rapture we kneel at Thy Feet,
As to-day the pure lips of that fair long ago,
Its lessons of beauty repeat!

We offer thee hearts far from perfect, alas!
But bathed with repentance' warm tears;
Wilt thou fold them, fond mother, close, close to
thine own,
And hold them thro' all the long years?

And if we would wander, O, twine 'round our necks
The dear wounded Arms of thy Son,
And then over selfishness, weakness and sin
Will a glorious vict'ry be won!

And now, dearest Mother, send blessings to-day,
On our lives and on those we love best,
O, deck them with Purity's fair matchless grace,
Till with thee, evermore, they may rest!

SUBMISSION.

"Sweet flowers that decked the smiling vales,
Were you not sad when Summer fled,
And Winter's snowy mounds were laid
Upon your erstwhile grassy bed?"

"O, yes, we missed the sunny days,
But then, 'twas God that bade them die,
And so we calmly fell asleep,
And never stopped to question 'why.' "

"Dear birds, whose music filled the woods,
Whose nests were built on leafy trees,
Are you not sad that branches bare
Now bend beneath the wintry breeze?"

"Ah, yes, we miss our verdant home,
But as to softer climes we fly,
We know God's wisdom ruleth all,
And never stop to question 'why.'"

"Dear stricken soul, do not repine,
If all your choicest blessings flee,
And other lives drink draughts of joy
That ne'er will be vouchsafed to thee.

O, meekly bend, although above
The grave where hope's fair blossoms lie,
For peace abides with him who bears
And strives to never question 'why.'"

GOD IS LOVE.

I love thy flowery, leafy groves,
O, sunny beaming life!
Thy buoyant hopes and cheery songs,
Thy days with blessings rife!
Thy sky looks on with face undimmed,
Fulfilled is every dream,
One song resounds from morn till night—
Life, life, how fair you seem!
Another hymn floats from above—
God is Love! God is Love!

How sad you've grown! How still your groves!
O, darkened, mournful life!
How full of tears your skies appear!
Your days with sorrow, rife.
Dear hope! dear hope! around me now
Your softened rays ne'er beam,
My heart can sing but one low song—
Life, life, how dark you seem!
But still the music from above—
God is Love! God is Love!

I leave you, Earth! leave all your joys,
And all your bitter tears,
To go to Him who sent me both,
Thro' many, many years!
I'm glad, and yet I fear the vale
That leads to Death's abode,
If those I love could only come
'Twould seem an easy road.
I go! I go! But not alone!
For listen! from above
Is borne to earth the message sweet—
Your guide is God and He is Love!

LINES.

You chided me for tears that came
At your light spoken word;—
A "woman" should not *feel* or *show*
(Which is it?) thoughts that live and glow
When memories fond are stirred.

'Tis long ago—that Summer day
When our “good-byes” were said,
But bitter tears will come again,
The pain is sharp and deep as then,
The wistful love not dead.

Through all the triumphs of to-day,
Through all the pleasant hours,
Our thoughts roam back to dear “old times,”
We hear again youth’s merry chimes,
And pick Love’s fairy flowers.

Old times! Old times! We love you so,
We miss your tender, blissful strain,
And not that then no “woes could sting us,”
But “that this life no more can bring us
One joy so sweet as your worst pain.”

Some time, perhaps, the world will teach
Me much I need of woman’s art,
In hiding all, as well as some
Of joys and sorrows deep that come
To rest within the heart.

But these the world can never change,—
The wish that one dear time could last,
The heart that clings to friends of yore,
That sees each day its love grow more,
For all the blessed past.

When fondest memories thrilled the heart,
O, wonder not that eyes grew dim!
Would I could be with thee once more,
Close to thy side till life was o'er,
Then only leave thy love for Him.

THE PROMISE.

When the Cross, its shadow throwing,
Looms upon the way,
And our hearts, so bruised and broken,
Will not see 'tis love's sweet token
Dimming thus the day;

When our prayers and tears are fruitless
With the God of all;
Doubt and anguish are before us,
While the shadows deepen o'er us,
For the cross must fall.

Fall, and bury in its falling
Sweetest hopes we knew.
O'er the grave where joy lies sleeping,
Pray we now, in bitter weeping
For one glimpse of blue.

List, through all the by-gone ages
Floats the promise true for aye;
Blessed are the hearts of sorrow,
They will know the glad to-morrow,
"I will wipe their tears away!"

Not on earth, O, tender Savior!
May that promise be fulfilled;
But when life is from us stealing,
Then our hearts will know their healing,
Then the bitter cry be stilled!

THE REPLY.

"A question lies hiding, my darling,
Deep down in those dark eyes of gray,
While in the fair glow of youth's sunshine
Beside me you're sitting to-day."
"Right keenly you've read me, wise auntie,
What I fain would learn from you is this:—
Of the joys and the blessings earth gave you,
Which yielded the richest of bliss?"

Over her face a radiance beamed,
And filled her eyes of blue,
The eyes that Age but served to make
More tender in their hue.
Fondly she kissed the earnest brow,
And smoothed the golden head,
Praying the web of life might be,
Woven of shining thread.

"My laugh was once as free as thine,
My heart as blithe and gay;
My brow crowned too with golden locks
Time since transformed to gray.

The world its cup of pleasure served,
I quaffed it oft and deep,
And dreams that earth held higher bliss
Filled not my happy sleep.

“But soon I met a noble soul,
Earnest, sincere and strong,
Slowly it won me to its side,
From out the giddy throng.
Then rang aloft in cadence clear,
Pure friendship’s song of joy,
Ah! never felt I greater bliss,—
The bliss that cannot cloy!

“It blest my life, that tender love
Resting in God’s own heart,
To nobler objects led the mind
Where earth held greatest part.
I will not say that skies e’er smiled
Clear and undimmed above,
For Love has storm clouds, bitter hours,
More bitter for the love.

“But the bliss of the tender word or deed
From a heart so fondly dear
Will more than balance all that brought
The heartache and the tear.
“The waters rippling ’round my bark
Are tinged with sunset light,
The shades of twilight faster fall,
They’ll soon be merged in night.

"And when my Savior softly calls,
I'll bless Him for the love
He sent to guide me on the way
That led to Home above.
Then, amid all the glittering band
I'll seek the friend of yore.
And soul to soul be bound by links
Death's hand can break no more."

Gently the young girl stepped away,
Leaving old age to muse
The cherished friend that filled life's sky
With softest, tenderest hues.
A hopeful light creeps up her face,
And nestles in her eyes,
A dreamy smile plays 'round her lips,—
Slowly the sunset dies!

MAY MEMORIES.

When May draws nigh, we travel back
To happy days of "Auld Lang Syne,"
And see again our childhood's skies,
Where stars of beauty brightly shine.

The dear old school! The tiny shrine,
With Mother Mary's statue white!
The sisters, teachers, friends beloved,
The girlish faces beaming bright.

Do you remember, friends of yore,
The walks to mass? The prayer, the hymn,
That rose in Mary's honor in
The old, old church, like cloister dim?

Ah, some, the gayest then, since quaffed
Of sorrow's cup, both full and deep;
And some, the sweetest and the best,
God's spouses are, or lie asleep!

Dear Mother Mary! Life has shown
To us both dark and sunny side,
But in the shadow or the light,
Thou'rt still our stay, our friend, our guide!

O May-day breeze! you waft to us
The memories sweet of "Auld Lang Syne!"
Each thought a loving prayer for those
Who knelt with us near Mary's Shrine!

THE DEATH-ANGEL.

Laden with hopes and plans and dreams,
With thought and care and prayer,
The Day had climbed the hill of Night
To lay its burdens there!
Upon the summit, still and far,
Two angels brooded low;
The spirits twain of Peace and Sleep
That mortals love and know!

They took thee in their arms, dear friend,
And breathed upon thy soul,
And lo! within its deepest depths
The strains celestial roll!
The Easter Alleluias ring
And drown earth's wail of woe,
Upon the heights is peace profound!
The tears, the grief, below!

In calmest majesty of death
She lieth smiling now,
All heedless of the bitter tears
That rain upon her brow!
They mourn the stanch, true mother-love
That never, never failed!
She basks within Eternal Light
To their weak vision veiled.

She fell asleep, her life-work done,
His Cross upon her breast!
She woke within the arms of Him
Whose image close she pressed;
Ah, tenderly Christ crucified
Gazed on that mother then,
While from the angelic choirs burst forth
Heaven's glorious "Amen!"

lay this simple flower of song
Upon thy grave, dear heart,
And may its fragrance soothe the wound
Inflicted by Death's dart.

Where thou hast gone there is no grief,
Then plead that peace may come
To those who mourn in sorrow now
Within the darkened home!

APPLE BLOSSOMS.

My little blue-eyed pupil,
With curls of golden brown,
Came tripping up with sweetest smiles,
To lay a love gift down:—

A bunch of apple blossoms,
That flooded air with scent,
And bore my spirit far away
On wings that Fancy lent—

To wide and shady orchards,
To brooks as crystal bright,
To haunts of birds and flowers,
To home of sunset light.

And all that day while floated
That subtle fragrance 'round,
The purest thoughts within my heart
Abiding places found.

There are lives like apple blossoms,
Strong hearts of untold worth,
Diffusing sweetest fragrance,
As they pass along the earth;

Cheering, sustaining, guiding
The weaker ones they meet
Upon the dusty highway
So full of glare and heat.

O blessings on those hearts we say!
And praise to Him be given
Who sent such souls to flood our lives,
With perfume, born in Heaven!

LIFE'S EVENING.

You are glowing, purely glowing,
Visions in life's evening skies,
Night is nearing, you are cheering,
While day's sunlight slowly dies.
Golden hues more mellow growing
Sparkle on the glistening foam,
Raydrops streaming from the gleaming,
Born within the Father's Home.
Spirit voices soothing lull me,
Drifting, drifting with the tide,
Peace breathes o'er me, Rest before me,
Fear I not Death's ocean wide!

They wait beyond the waters deep
The loved ones gone before.
O, hearts I've missed, I'll greet you soon
My own forevermore!

I turn with all pervading joy
To bid farewell to earth,
Flow waters flow, glow sunset glow,
Till Heaven's Peace has birth!

Ambition's yearning hopes are fled,
All, all of earth but Love is dead!
The light pours out in golden streams,
And peace, thou'rt mine, beyond my dreams,
The streets of Pearl in glory shine,
Rest, rest my soul, God's Home is thine!

TO JOHN.

Eleven times have summer suns
Shone o'er thy grassy mound,
And full as oft have wintry snows
Spread robes of light around.
We've heard for years the songs of spring
And marked the leaflet's fall,
Since through our home, long days ago
Rang loud the solemn call.
O, well beloved! when Death claimed thee,
He took the "household light"
And left but stars of Memory
To cheer the heavy night!

Thou wert so pure, so good, so true,
So gentle and so kind,
And selfishness within thy breast
No resting place could find.

The mother weeps the tender love
That brightened every day;
The father mourns the many hopes
That fled with thee away.
Tho' years have passed, thy name, beloved,
Is yet a "household word,"
For mothers' hearts are loyal ones
Where love is ever heard!

The sculptured marble o'er thy grave
Proclaims thy beauteous life;
And in our hearts sweet memories live,
Enshined where Love is rife.
Thrice blest career! So short and yet
So full of deeds called just,
The deeds God loves that "smell so sweet
And blossom in the dust!"
O, brother, may thy life be mine!
One strong all brightening ray
Like that which God bore heavenward
Eleven years to-day!

THE SACRED HEART.

"The way is so weary, dear Lord," we cry,
"The sky is so gloomy, the summit so high;
The Cross is so heavy, we droop 'neath the load,
And we long for the end of the desolate road,
As we stand in our doubting and weakness alone,
To send up to Heaven our pitiful moan."

Is it heard? Is it answered? A thorn-crowned brow,
And eyes lit by love are besides us now!
Two beautiful hands with the wounds filled with light,
The Feet that bore Love up to Calvary's height,
The Side where the gateway was ope'd by the steel,
Dear Jesus! Dear Jesus! before thee we kneel.

Is the sky then so gloomy and heavy the load?
Do you long for the end of the desolate road?
When I bore my Cross were there flowers 'neath my
feet?
Did bright sunny skies my tearful gaze meet?
My child you forget that sorrow-filled way
Or you would not repine at your brief darkened day.

Come to my Heart, if the way seem too long,
And I will bequeath you the Love that makes strong!
If I send through your life a bright happy strain,
Come in your joy, as you come in your pain,
For my love, dearest children, will never depart,
Confide in it, love it, my own Sacred Heart.

AFTER FIFTY GOLDEN YEARS.

(To Mother E.)

A life we see in its spring-time fair
When buds are ripening to blossoms bright,
When skies give promise of sunniest days
That'll ne'er be merged in darksome night.

Standing by, the busy world
With its vot'ries at its feet,
Tells this soul, in siren song,
All its fame and pleasures fleet.
And we see, in the distance a spear-pierced Heart,
Two hands that are wounded and two bleeding Feet,
While pressed on the kingly, the beautiful Head,
The sharp, cruel thorns in a ruby crown meet.
With eyes brimming over with God-like love,
He looks in the heart-depths so fresh and fair,
He whispers of peace, of eternal joys,
Of bliss that His spouses alone may share.
A life we see in its spring-time bright
When buds are ripening to blossoms sweet,
Yield all for the nuptial garment pure
That lies, in its whiteness, at Jesus' Feet.

* * * * *

The budding spring to summer wanes,
To fervid, blossoming sunny days,
And sees this life the beacon light
That guides "His own" through narrow ways.
Angels note the tender words,
Falling like refreshing showers,
Wak'ning in the doubting heart,
Opening buds and fairest flowers,
Leading souls inflamed with love,
Closer, closer to their God,
Up the mounts of Faith and Prayer,
Sainted ones before them trod.

The beautiful Bridegroom is standing beside,
The rays of His Love on His chosen one fall,
The chalice of graces He pours upon her,
He crowned with the wonderful grace of the "call."

* * * * *

'Tis autumn, and its glowing fruits
Are gathered still by Jesus' Hands.
The spouse He won is guiding on
Predestined souls to "promised lands;"
Is bending o'er the poor, the sick,
Wherever suffering makes its moan,
And seeing in each sorrowing one,
The lovely image of her "Own."
Happy angels sweetly sing,
While the unfading wreath they twine,
"He that leads 'My own' to me,
Like the stars above shall shine."
Softly place they now the gems,
Soon the crown will be complete
Soon the life-long work of love
End in rest at Jesus' Feet.
O, our Jesus, Bridegroom dear,
Blessings, blessings on thy Heart
That reveals to chosen souls
Beauties of the "better part!"
Be to her, our Mother loved,
Evermore her "All in All,"
Till the crowning grace descend
In thy Heaven—bringing call!

WHAT THEY TEACH.

The flowers and buds of Summer bright,
Light earth with beauty fair,
And load the breezes, winging past
With incense rich and rare.

They speak of songs of happy birds,
Of woods and azure skies,
But never breathe of Winter's gloom
That hid them from our eyes.

The petals, many-hued, will tell
No tales of struggles hard
To burst from out their prison cells,
And deck the verdant sward.

The brook goes dancing through the vale,
And sings a cheery song;
It throws its spray to grass and trees
And buds, its path along.

Thus, laughing, glistening in the sun,
It speeds upon its ways,
But tells not of the mountain dark
That chained it many days.

And songsters, too, in gilded cage,
Send sweetest strains on high;
But ne'er we hear the longing tone
For woods and fields and sky.

O, flowers and streams and birds! You teach
A lesson sweet and deep:—
To share our joys, our smiles with all—
With Him, alone, to weep!

THE LAST TIME.

I stand beside the schoolhouse door,
The old red schoolhouse on the hill,
And watch each little "student" bend
Above his task with earnest will.

Back o'er the busy years I step,
And call from out the walks of life,
From lonely graves on land and sea,
From scenes of peace and scenes of strife,

The faces known so long ago;
Not one—not one—do I forget.
I loved them then—I love them now,
Though years have fled since last we met!

O dear old schoolhouse! Dearer still
That I my last must look on thee!
Would I could cross thy threshold now
The care free child I used to be!

Farewell! I turn a last, fond look
On scenes endeared since childhood's days—
On every tree, and stream, and flower,
Along the old familiar ways.

They say that wealth and fame will both
Be mine beyond the sea ;
That duty bids me break the bonds
Dear home, 'twixt thee and me.

But they may brighten as they will
The future, and may tell
Of duty's claims, but cannot take
One pang from out "Farewell!"

The last, last time to look on home,
On all I trust and prize—
To hear no more the voice of love,
To meet no more, love's eyes!

O bitter wound, that fame nor wealth,
Nor duty e'en can heal!
That leaves the heart for many years
Untouched by woe or weal!

TO AMY.

When the Summer sun shone and the blossoms of light
Were decking this fair world of ours,
An Angel flew forth from his Heaven so bright
And brought us the fairest of flowers.
The "baby" he bore to her home on this earth
To scatter love's fragrance for aye,
To fill it with sunshine, with gladness and mirth
Came Amy, just "three years" to-day!

Three years! Only three blissful Summers of life,
And yet she has won every heart,
By sweet guileless ways, by a spirit that's rife
With beauties that ne'er will depart.
The "pet of the household" she reigns as its queen,
And cheerfully subjects obey.
Such a dear little ruler there never was seen,
As Amy, just three years to-day!

Ah! would that the eyes now so bright and so blue,
Could never be dimmed by the tear!
That the love all around her, so earnest and true,
In the struggle, could ever be near!
But these, little one, the cold world cannot give,
Its offerings, too soon, fade away,
We'll ask the fair treasures that ever will live
For Amy, just three years to-day!

O, Father of tenderness, Father of love,
Of a love that will never depart,
Send choicest of blessings from Heaven above,
To the pet of a fond mother's heart!
Sweet Angels e'er guard her, the prized and the dear,
Bring gifts that will never decay,
To brighten the birthday we now welcome here
Of Amy, just three years to-day!

IN MEMORIAM.

(Denis J. Swenie, ex-Fire Marshal of Chicago.)

Toll, requiem bells! The "Chief" is dead!

The brave, the dauntless one!

Life's last "alarm" has struck above

Chicago's noblest son!

And as he harkened during life

To Duty's slightest call,

So now all fearlessly he stepped

Beneath Death's sable pall.

For him, brave son of Mother Church,

The shadows held no foe;

The "Chief" had served his Master well,

Why should he fear to go?

They gather in the temple dim,

The friends from far and near,

To bring the tribute of their love

In heartfelt prayer and tear.

The comrades true who faced with him

Full many an hour of dread,

May think, while still the Kyries sob,—

We followed, but he led.

O, comrades of the days gone by,

Although your "Chief" lies dead,

Still walk along the path of Right,

Still follow where he led.

To her who loved him best of all,
Who shared his every thought,
Who gazes now on lonely ways
With grief and longing fraught,

We can but say: "The light still shines
Beyond the darkened skies,
And at the bend of lonely roads,
God's peace eternal lies!"

Toll, requiem bells! The "Chief" lies dead!
But evermore there dwells
The influence of his stainless life.
Toll, toll, O requiem bells!

OLD AGE AND THE RAIN.

All day long the rain is falling,
Beating 'gainst the window pane,
On the cottage roof 'tis pouring,
In the garden, in the lane.
I am musing where the firelight
Throws its shadows on the wall,
Dreaming while with patter steady
On my heart the raindrops fall;
Waking with their saddening music
Voices from the years long fled,
Ever thus since early childhood,
Raindrops bring me back my dead!

On through all the lights and shadows
Of a life of four-score years,
Memory, blessed spirit, wanders,
Now in smiles and now in tears.
Treading, with her noiseless footsteps,
Through the ever-changing Past,
Laden now with trophies many,
Back to me she comes at last!

Childhood dreams and girlhood fancies
Flooded o'er with radiance bright,
Woman's hopes and aspirations
Glowing with more mellow light,
Years when love made earth a heaven,
Years when sorrow bowed the heart,
Failures, triumphs, strangely blended,
In my varied life have part.

Which were dearest, which most happy
Of these many chequered years?
Were they days when woman, victor,
Won by prayerful toil and tears?
Or, when in the scene of splendor
Dazzling eyes with all its light,
There 'mid beauty, wit and talent,
Hers shone brightest of the bright?

Ah, me, no! I linger longest
On the time when sunny youth
Threw the guise of Fancy's figure
O'er the form of sober truth.

When the love that fond hearts yielded
Filled with sunshine all my days,
And no selfish, worldly feeling
Dimmed the brightness of the rays.
Yes, these were the dearest moments
That my long, long life e'er knew,
Friends and joys of happy childhood!
O, had I but died with you!

The earth is now smiling, for sunset is glowing,
The birds' merry music is heard;
The raindrops have ceased and the firelight is shining,
The leaves by the soft wind are stirred!
Thus, thus, O my Savior, will life's lonely evening
Light up with the sun of thy love,
And soon thou wilt call me, thy earth-wearied creature,
To rest with Thee ever above!

ON THE DEATH OF A BOY FRIEND.

When youth is sending up its songs
Of hope; when roads, so smooth and white,
Are stretching far; when all things speak
Of love, fruition and delight,

'Tis hard, 'tis bitter hard to see
Death's gloom envelop all;
Yet through the shadows steals a light,
While words of comfort fall.

"I took him in his budding youth,
But frost of sin can never blight;
I took him e'er he felt the wounds
In life's unceasing, bitter fight.

"I took him e'er he brought to you
A cloud of grief; while still
He was your own, your cherished child,
Obedient to your every will.

"I left him in your loving care,
To soothe with all your tenderest art;
I took him when the soft June winds
Were wafting homage to my heart.

"I took the son I lent to you,
And bore him on to Heaven's joy;
Before my heart he'll plead for you,
And I will hear your darling boy."

Dear hearts, so bowed beneath the rod,
O let Faith's stream of sunshine flow,
And let Gethsemane's sobbing prayer
Be heard above your chord of woe!

"Thy will, not ours, O God! be done!"
The Cross is hard, but Thou art nigh!
O guide us on the narrow way
Till heaven opens, bye and bye!

JESUS' LAMENT.

Is there none to approach his Lord's table to-day?
Not one that will make me His guest?
Are my children all deaf to the cry of my love?—
"Come ye that are weary, and rest!"

Are you free from all sorrow, all pain and all care,
Is the earth such a peaceful abode
That you need naught from Heaven to comfort and
cheer,
Or to guide you along the straight road?

Ah, no, my poor children! deep darkness and sin
And pain are too fruitful below,
While I'm waiting to brighten, to cleanse, to relieve,
With a love that no mortal can show.

If you knew how I long to enfold in my arms
The children my sufferings have won!
But you're turning away to the world I despise,
Turning away from God's Son!

And back to my pure little home I return,
To mourn the hard hearts of my own;
With my wounded hands clasped o'er my lance-
pierced breast,
I weep and I pray all alone.

Alone! though my angels in myriads kneel,
And lay down their crowns at my throne,
For my cry is unheard by the children of men,
By those I love best, by my own!

For none will approach his Lord's table to-day,
Not one will receive me His guest!
But my love is unceasing, 'tis waiting you still,
"Come ye that are weary and rest!"

SONG OF ABSENCE.

When thou wert nigh, the beaming skies
Shone out in brighter blue,
When thou wert nigh, the flowers of earth
Took on a fairer hue.
The brooklet's voice was sweeter far,
The song bird's trill more clear,
All Nature wore a richer garb
When thou, beloved, wert near!

The notes of joy rang blithely out
When thou, dear one, wert nigh,
And thou could'st ever lull to sleep
A deep, deep sorrow's cry.
But now the pain is borne alone,
Unheeded falls the tear,
And missed the depth Joy's music knew,
When thou, beloved, wert near!

The rising sun that wakes the earth,
Beholds a heart that longs for thee;
The orb that sinks to rest at eve,
That yearning spirit still can see;

The twilight deepening into night,
The stars that stud the darkened sky,
Can list the same unceasing prayer,
If thou, beloved, wert only nigh!

The weary task will soon be done,
The harvest borne above,
We'll lose the Cross to wear the Crown
Within our Home of Love.
Back to their shrines will be restored
The idols broken here,
And God's own sunshine ever beam
When thou, beloved, art near!

STRAY THOUGHTS.

You sing of the woe that o'ershadows the love
Whose fragrance is shed at the feet
Of the few who receive it, but will not return
An incense as lavish and sweet.
But think of the joy, of the heaven-fed bliss
In the *giving* of love ever stored,
And then you'll forget the embittering draught
That over its sweetness is poured.

We go with our friendship to some chosen heart,
And giving, we give it for aye,
Our lives then are changed, for the light of that love
Plays 'round us by night and by day.

But stop not to doubtingly question that love,
Let our own be so strong and so true,
'Twill master each feeling that threatens to rise
And darken our skies' azure hue.

There's many a soul that is stirred to its depths
With feelings it never can tell,
Whose life work will be but to keep within bounds
The love that too strongly would swell.
And how do we know but the hearts we so prize
Are brimming with love like our own,
While over the struggle, the silence of years,
Mayhap of a lifetime is thrown.
But when we have passed from the valley below
To the garden of Beauty above,
The veil will be drawn and disclose to the eye,
The depths of their half-expressed love.

OCTOBER.

With a step that is light and an eye that is bright,
Come, gather the nuts that fall;
The rich, purple grapes and the apples that lie
So thick by the orchard wall.
Oh, a merry old month is October bluff,
And rich in treasures is he!
Go roam through the woods with him for a guide,
And a storehouse vast you'll see!

FAREWELL.

Only a few short months ago
Thy hands in mine were laid,
And smiles lit up the winsome face,
So sweet in light or shade.
All brightly then shone eyes of blue,
While merry words we said;
I little dreamed when next we'd meet
I'd bend above thee—dead!

Dear hands, so cold, now yield me not
The pressure fond of old.
The heart, erstwhile so warm, stirs not
Death's snowy garment's fold.
Pure eyes are closed to all this earth's
Dark scenes of pain and strife,
And ne'er again will they be dimmed
By sorrow in this life.

With summer days thy spirit fled
To realms than this more bright;
The Angels craved thy heart so pure
To add to Heaven's light!
To keep a soul so chaste as thine
Earth was too full of sin,
So God threw wide the gates of pearl
And bade thee enter in.

O, sorely, sorely art thou missed
By those who knew thy worth,
But far more grievously thou'rt mourned
By her who gave thee birth!

Thou wert the only ray of light
That lit her lifetime's day;
Without thee, O how dark and drear
Looms up her lonely way!

How can we soothe that stricken heart,
How ease its heavy load?
Naught can we do but weep with her
And point to Calvary's road.
Beneath His Cross the wounded soul
Will find a healing balm,
And to the spirit sore distressed
Will come the restful calm.

LEO XIII.

Leo is dead! The message thrills a world
That mourning kneels, and leaves beside his grave
A tribute rich of prayers and tears and love.
Christ's vicar, truly, both in name and deed,
The fragrance of his life pervaded earth.
The mighty bowed before his crystal mind,
His spotless soul, that conquered where the sword
Would fail. No king too proud to honor him;
No wit so keen his could not match its steel;
No battlefield of thought so full of foes
That he would fear defeat; no warring factions
Failed to heed his cry of "Peace!"
No creed so narrow but it widened out
Beneath the pressure of his well-filled life.

“Lumen in coelo!” and the light still lives!
Down through the coming ages will it burn!
“I am content!” Leo, thou well mayst be!
God’s friend and humanity’s on earth, mourned now
By monarchs, diplomats and sons of toil,
While from all hearts uplifts this prayer for thee,
“Eternal rest give unto him, O Lord!”

ANSWERED.

Am I lonely? you ask. Take a look at those trees
With their giant arms spread to the sweet Summer
breeze;
How they woo and they win every soft breeze that plays
Through the calm, restful nights and the long, glowing
days!
Every leaf is a key; every breeze is a note
As clear as what pours from the forest bird’s throat!

They are singing of hope, for it seems but a day
Since their boughs were all bare and the birds far
away;
Now they’re decked out anew in their mantles of green
While the birdlings are nestling their branches between,
And I’m nearer to God as I rest ’neath the trees,
To drink in the music evoked by the breeze.

See the moss at the roots! Ah, how firmly it clings,
While of faithful affection it evermore sings!

Of hearts that, once given, forever are leal,
As staunch as the rocks and as true as the steel!
O blessings, dear moss, for the story you tell
Of hearts that can love us so fondly and well!

Am I lonely? you ask me. Ah, could you but hear
The secrets they whisper, those giant trees near,
How gladly you'd rest on the earth at their feet
To listen with me to their murmurings sweet!
And nearer to heaven they'd draw you, I ween,
Those grand, massive trees in their mantles of green!

IN THE HAMMOCK.

So lazily swinging and swinging
In the shade of the maple trees,
While the perfume of roses is wafted
On the wings of the evening breeze,
While the sun in its golden glory
Seems close to the hilltops pressed,
And the cloudlets are slowly sailing
Away to the glowing West!

O wind that is scarcely stirring
The leaves as you rustle by!
Will you let me whisper my wishes
As afar to the South you fly?—
That you take from my lips their kisses,
And out from my heart their prayer,
Then away to my absent dear ones
With your burden of love repair.

And when you bear them my greeting,
O linger awhile and see
If eye or voice is betraying
A single thought of me.
And if you hear them whisper
My name as their lips you greet,
Speed back to me, gentle South Wind,
And tell me your story sweet!

So swinging and swinging and watching,
'Twixt the leaves, the blue of the sky,
And hearing the patter over the stones
Of the brook in the roadside nigh,
I think of the home and its loved ones,
I dream of peace and rest,
And seem so near to God as I gaze
On the radiant, golden West!

APRIL DAYS.

You wake at last from slumbers deep,
O buds and grasses green!
And all of nature's pulses throb
At sight of Spring, the queen.

What sweet, sad thoughts you bring to us,
O month of sun and showers!
What hopes as your own sunlight fair!
What tears for buried hours!

There's not a breeze but wafts to us
Some memory of the dead,
Some face or form we've loved and lost,
Or hope forever fled!

And yet there's not a blade of grass
That from the mold doth peep,
But speaks the resurrection day
For every joy asleep!

Full many a flower ere Spring departs
Will droop its leaves and die;
Full many a tender sapling rear
Its head in pride on high.

Aye, some will faint 'neath loads, and some
Be victors in the end!
And life and death and sun and shade
Around us strangely blend.

But list! The minor tones run through
My simple little strain—
Come, let us strike a sweeter chord,
A heartier refrain!

Let us sing of a faith in the dear, loving God,
Whose touch is awaking from sleep
The buds and the grasses, the clear waterfalls
That merrily chatter and leap!

Let us go with our love to the dear ones who *live*,
For the *dead* cease to weep and to sigh!
Ah! how often through life is all tenderness hid
To be lavished on *graves* by and by!

Let us seek through the world for the good and the true—

We'll find them on every side,
And with them at last through the portals of pearl
May we pass with our souls sanctified!

OUR NELLIE.

She is lying asleep 'mid the lilies so fair—
Our Nellie, as pure as they;
While the beautiful roses down at her feet
Are breathing their lives away;
With a smile of peace on her winsome face
She lies like a child at rest;
And O, dear God! as our darling sleeps,
'Tis so hard to say, "It is best."

O angel of death, if human love
Were only as strong as thou,
Would the joy of a home be resting there
With thy signet on her brow?
If thou couldst be moved by the prayers and the tears
Of the hearts that treasured her best,
Wouldst thou stretch out those arms of fearful strength
And our prize away from us wrest?

List to the answer that floats through the air,
List! 'Tis as soft as the breath of a prayer,
Gentle and tender as touches of wings,
Sweet as a message the bird of Spring sings:

“‘Love could not hold her!’ you cry in your pain—
Love ’twas that snapped her life cords in twain;
Love—but not human. The love that’s divine
Spoke, and she slipped from your arms into mine.
There she is nestling away from the storm,
Safe from all dangers, protected from harm;
Close to my bosom I clasp her and fly
Far to the Beulah land, far past the sky.

“Peace! She awaits her beloved over there!
Waits in the kingdom where woe enters ne’er!
Prays that the Father who chastens His own
Lead kindly her dear ones in joy to His throne!”
’Tis meet thou shouldst sleep ’mid those blossoms of
light,
As tender as they and as spotlessly white;
’Tis meet as we bear thee ’mid tears and with prayer
That the snowflakes of purity circle the air.
Then rest ’mid the lilies, our sweet, broken flower.
We would not revive thee, if ours were the power;
For the hand that has plucked is the hand of a God.
We love Him! We love Him! though bowed ’neath
His rod.

UNREST.

Down in the sweetest valley spot
A pretty flower grew—
The sparkling streamlet at its feet;
Above, the skies of blue.

The velvet mosses clung to trees
Where birds sang all the day,
And naught but nature's voices broke
The stillness of the way.

Thrice happy was the little flower
Until a bird's sweet lay
Told her a tale of cities grand
Beyond the valley's way.

The little brook hummed cheeriest songs ;
The dewdrop sparkled on the green ;
The birds trilled on, and yet the flower
Could see no beauty in the scene.

For now a vague unrest had come ;
The breezes heard her longing cry ;
They bore her from her valley home
And laid her 'neath the city sky.

She ope'd her eyes—the timid flower—
And shed her fragrance through the air,
But on they rushed, th' unthinking crowd,
Nor noted aught of beauty there.

Poor slighted blossom, left alone,
Now, now it longs for valleys fair !
It sees a zephyr from the vale ;
"O bear me home !" is all its prayer.

Gently the soft south wind bent down ;
The dying flower it bore along,
To breathe its last sweet perfume where
It first had heard the brooklet's song.

The dewdrops decked the glistening grass,
Tears for the beauteous blossom dead.
"Our God knows best! O be content
Where'er thou art," the brooklet said.

CALLED AWAY.

Life's valley lay with beauty filled,
The songs of joy rang through the air,
The skies of blue had not a cloud,
And fragrance flooded everywhere.

But like a flash from Summer skies,
The beauty, peace, away had passed;
The storm burst forth in awful might,
The Death King rode upon the blast!

The sparkling eyes, the sunny smile,
The cheeks with tints of applebloom,
The merry laugh, the silvery voice,
Were hidden 'neath his robe of gloom.

Like sleeping bride in robe of white,
With beauty's stamp on cheek and brow,
The loving mother, wife and child,
In Death's embrace is lying now!

O Death! how couldst thou aim thy dart
At her, so young, so fair!
While Love sat throned within her heart,
And bliss reigned everywhere.

No answer comes. God's ways to us
Are mysteries profound,
And still, the depths of His dear love,
No human power can sound.

No toilsome road is waiting her,
No sorrow's heavy pall,
No loss of love, no pang of grief,
No bitter tears to fall.

She slipped from arms of trusting love
To seek the Heart Divine!
She fell asleep to waken where
Eternal glories shine.

Some day, O dear ones, stricken sore!
God's plans will be revealed,
And seeds of sorrow spring as flowers
In Heaven's celestial field!

TO AN OLD FRIEND.

Another good-by to a dear old friend,
Borne on o'er Death's dark wave!
Another wait on the sunset shore!
Another grassy grave!
And far beyond on the other side,
In God's sweet peace at rest,
She greets the waiting ones beloved,
Forever, ever blest!

O big, warm heart, life told to thee
Full many a varied tale
Of sighs and songs, of toil and prayer,
Ere Death took in the sail!
O faithful, open-handed friend!
O pitying, tender soul!
No deed of thine has ever dimmed
The whiteness of life's roll!

With arms around the daughter loved,
So dear to thee and me,
I stand within the sunset rays
And waft "good-bye" to thee!
A "God be with you!" dear old friend,
Till death with ebon sails
Has borne us o'er the shadowed stream
To Light that never fails!

THE LESSON.

I roamed the woods one summer day,
When my heart was filled with vague unrest,
For I dreamed that 'mid its shady paths
Might lurk the peace that makes man blest.

Downward they bent their branches dark,
The green, the leafy trees,
And sighed with happiness to meet
The kisses of the breeze.

The little birds with notes of joy
Awoke the echoes 'round,
As swift they winged their merry flight
Toward skies or mossy ground.

The flowers lit up with hues of light
The resting place they knew,
And bloomed as fair when eve drew near
As 'neath the morning dew.

Each tree, each breeze, each grassy blade,
Each flower of varied hue,
Each bird that caroled o'er my head,
Contentment happy knew.

They did the work the Master gave,
And naught they craved beside;
They lived to brighten earth for man,
And, when God willed, they died.

"Do likewise, restless soul!" they cried,
"Then o'er the waves of discontent
The 'Peace, be still' of olden days
Will echo till the storm is spent!"

MEMORIES.

I kneel within the temple blest;
Around float hymns of praise,
And every note that soars aloft
Bears thoughts of other days.

I list to tones from out the past,
So rich, so full, so rare,
That but to hear them ever dulled
The sense of pain and care.

She sang as angels sing, methinks;
No dream of earth was there;
She sang, and every note that fell
Was still a heartfelt prayer.

I do not heed the voices strange
That ring 'round me to-day;
I list, instead, a voice I love
From isles of "Far Away!"

I live again the days of old,
The happy, merry hours,
When all life's skies were cloudless blue,
Its pathways filled with flowers.

The dream is o'er! I know the past
Is but a memory now;
That death has twined a chaplet dark
Around its marble brow.

Stillness within the temple reigns,
But hark! A tinkling bell!
Ah! there is One abiding here
Who doeth all things well!

There's One whose love is reaching out,
Wide as the boundless sea!
Who holds within His sacred arms
Those hearts I prize, and me!

What matter if we lie apart
By many a weary mile!
Though even death has stepped between,
'Tis but "a little while!"

"A little while" to work His will,
And then the endless rest;
"A little while" of longing here,
And then forever blest!

A HEART SONG.

Vain to essay the task, dear friend,
To paint thy noble worth;
Thy grace of mind, of heart, of soul,
He knows who woke its birth.
I would but whisper in thine ear
Of love, a simple song,
A strain from melodies that chime
Within me loud and strong!

O heart to me so fondly true,
You've shared my deepest woe,
And searched and found the good that slept
My many faults below!
I said you soothed my heaviest griefs,
But all my joy you never knew,
For the sweet bliss your friendship brought
Could not be spoken—e'en to you.

And do you know the prayer I breathe
This gladsome Easter day?
'Tis that in death's dark hour thy love
May be my strengthening stay.
I will not fear that valley's gloom
If thy dear face I see,
If the sweet voice so well beloved,
Will pray to Him for me!

God bless you for your tender love,
Your life so pure and true,
Your counsel, that in doubting hours
Clears shadows from my view.
May angels guard thee still, beloved,
And keep a place for me
Deep in thy heart, unworthy though
Of love like thine I be!

DOWN THE LANE.

Peaceful as childhood's slumbers,
Sweeter than youth's bright dreams,
Filled with a wondrous beauty
The scene around me seems.

The sun's last rays are painting
Beyond the western hills,
Pictures so rare, so lovely,
Each pulse within me thrills.

Like a stream by grasses bordered,
A line of silvery light,
The footworn path is winding
Away beyond the sight.

The crickets chirp in the clover,
The birds are still in the nest,
And every breeze o'er the meadow
Is softly whispering "Rest!"

Full many and many a footstep
Has echoed along this lane,
And many a merry whistle,
And many a sob of pain!

The springing step of the youthful,
The faltering feet of the old;
Hearts eager to read life's story,
Hearts glad that the tale is told!

Hearts crowded with eager yearnings,
Hearts mourning their buried joy;
Some seeing but gold the purest,
And others the base alloy.

O footworn path! Though voiceless,
You sing me a soft refrain,
With swelling strains of gladness
And minor tones of pain!

I love to wander along you,
To dream my dreams alone,
And list to the tales that are told me
By the grass and the mossy stone!

THE PINE'S REPLY.

"Why do you sigh, O stately Pine!
On the hill, this wintry day?
Your branches are green; the oak, the elm
Are mourning their leaves' decay!
The Ice King's touch has no power to chill
The life blood in your veins;
Then why do you burden the passing winds
With those doleful, saddening strains?"

And this is the answer the Pine Tree made,
As he ceased for awhile his moan:

"I know that I'm robed in a mantle green,
But I stand, thus decked, alone.
See the oak and the elm I loved so well
Bereft of their leafy crown;
Ah, me! each pang that they felt was mine,
As their treasures fluttered down!

"I strove with an aching heart to turn
The blast of the storm on me;
Ah! could I but yield up my life for theirs,
How happy and glad I'd be!

But pity and pleadings and loving were vain ;
Leafless arms are outstretched to the skies,
And for every deep scar that they carry, its mate
Deep down in my heart depths lies."

And I thought, as I turned from the sighing Pine,
That the sharpest of pangs we know
Is the grief that comes when we helpless gaze
On a loved one's bitter woe!

CALLING THE COWS.

Along the narrow grass-edged path
That countless feet have trod,
She dances on, the merry girl,
With steps that spurn the sod.
The birds and squirrels flitting past
Are not so full of glee,
While o'er the fields in ringing tones,
"Co boss!" "Co boss!" calls she.

The slender maid with life's fair dawn,
Toward noon just reaching out,
Trips on with song more music-filled
Than schoolgirl's merry shout ;
It tells of airy castles built
With hope and love as stones,
While o'er the fields, "Co boss! Co boss!"
Rings out in dulcet tones!

The woman, bent with toil and years,
Goes slowly o'er the way;
The castles reared in early youth
Have crumbled into clay.
The weariness that's in her heart,
Is echoed in her tone:—
"Co boss! Co boss!" The quavering cry
Dies into sighing moan.

Still Mother Nature's feast is spread,
Let hearts be sad or gay!
Her songs re-echo whether gloom
Or joy lie on our way!
And when the weary woman-heart
Is resting 'neath the sod,
Some young, glad voice will call "Co boss!"
O'er path where once she trod.

FATHER DAMIEN.

O sing your requiems, waves and winds,
On far off tropic shore!
O mourn the Soldier of the Cross,
Arms stacked forevermore!
The weapons forged in Love's fierce flame
Of sacrifice untold!
And shining with the glittering gems
Of abnegation's gold!

Dear father, 'twas a lonely way,
Where waves moaned on the shore,
While with their wailings rose the cry
Of suffering evermore.
Aye, lonely as the world defines,
The loneliness of soul,
But well we know the angels walked
Beside thee to the goal!

Treading within the Savior's steps,
"And doing all things well;"
Letting the light of Christian Hope
Shine through Despair's dark cell,
So like thy Master, hands upraised
To serve and heal and bless,
While to His little ones you gave
The Father's pure caress.

Within that far-off tropic isle
The twilight splendor glows
In dazzling hues for one brief space,
And then as swiftly goes;
So thou when life was radiant with
Thy splendid deeds of light,
Saw deepening shadows gather round
And fold thee in Death's night.

But o'er the gloom of wind-swept grave,
A star of beauty beams,
And through its rays, to all the world,
Thy martyr's halo gleams.

While man remembers glorious deeds,
Thy name shall live in light,
For never Soldier of the Cross
Died in a nobler fight!

O sigh your requiems, ocean winds,
Above the martyred one!
But clearer than your wailing rings
The Master's sweet "Well done!"
No grander, purer, nobler soul
E'er waged the war of God.
Sleep on, O soldier of the Cross,
Beneath the sea-girt sod!

CHRIST REIGNS!

In St. Vincent's Church, Chicago, as the midnight hour ushered in the century, the Sacred Host was enthroned on the altar, and above it electricity wrote in letters of light: "Christ Reigns."

O glorious message, flashing forth
Above the Host of white!
O grandest truth in fiery lines
Beside the God of might!

Aye, Babe Divine of Bethlehem's Crib!
The Child of Nazareth's ways!
The Man-God dying on the Cross!
Thy standard 'tis we raise!

The Century dawns with all its hopes,
Its joys and trembling fears,

Its promises of future good,
Mayhap its sin and tears!

Yet He who holds the endless years
Within his grasp to-day,
Will from the evil bring the good
And wipe the tears away!

Christ Reigns! O glorious, blissful truth,
Flashed out above the shrine!
Christ Reigns! O may His "Kingdom come"
Within thy heart and mine!

SISTER ST. GERTRUDE.

"Our Lord has need of this flow'ret fair,"
The Christmas Angels said.
The stem was snapped; the lily white
In all its bloom lay dead.

O spouse of Jesus, lying there,
God's peace upon thy brow,
How strange it seems to chant o'er thee
The Misereres now!

More fitting far 'twould be to let
The Glorias loudly ring,
Or the Laudate's tones of praise
Their flight above to wing.

For when youth's roseate rays of dawn
Streamed o'er life's flowery way,
When "Home" outstretched its yearning arms
And pleading, bade thee stay,

Thou turned away; thine ears attuned
To Heaven's rapturing strain,
Thine eager eyes fixed far beyond
Where walked the virgin train.

And now the Christmas anthems ring,
The Babe has claimed His own,
The lily soul is with the Lamb
Forever 'round the throne.

O weeping ones, all bowed in grief
Above your broken flower!
Our tears for you who drink to-day
The cup of Calvary's hour!

But He, the Babe Divine, who threw
The gloom across your ways,
Will send the sunshine of His love
To light the darkened days.

O give to Him the "Mary" loved
Who "chose the better part!"
And let the peace from Bethlehem's Crib
Steal to each sorrowing heart!

CHIMES FROM THE PAST.

I list to the bells in the distance,
To the chirrup of birds in the trees,
To the swaying and sighing of branches,
That are wooed by the evening breeze!
The clouds in their snowy beauty
Sail over an azure sea,
And I revel in all the sweetness,
So lavishly scattered for me!

The day with its treasures of pleasure,
Its laughter and merry jest,
Is sailing in ships that are golden,
Away to the far-off West!
And I waft it a good-bye greeting,
And I'm sorry to see it go,
But I turn to the restful evening,
With a heart that is all aglow!

How many an airy castle
We rear in those sunset hours!
What matter it if it perish
Like fairest of fragile flowers!
We taste in those fairy mansions
The rarest of earthly joy,
And forget, while Fancy builds them,
That the gold has aught of alloy!

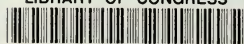
Like vesper bells in a village
That nestles among the hills!
Like sweetest of silvery music
That comes from the rippling rills!

Like soft, calm light from the moonbeams,
Like all that is pure and clear,
Are the thoughts that the evening bringeth
To the heart that its song can hear!

O could I but sing of the rapture
The hour of the twilight e'er brings!
But only the faintest of echoes
Respond to the touch of the strings!
I wonder when Life's ship is sailing
Far off to the sunset shore,
Will the same sweet peace be my portion,
My own forevermore.

NOV 27 1905

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 015 937 164 5

